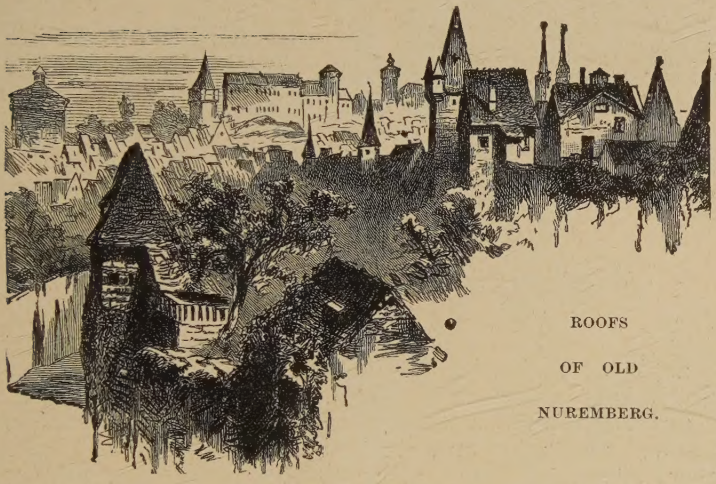
Methodist Magazine and Review.

NOVEMBER, 1899.

ALBERT DÜRER.

BY DR. WILHELM LÜBKE.



ROOFS OF OLD NUREMBERG.

Albert Durer need fear comparison with no master in the world, not even with Raphael or Michael Angelo, so far as inborn artistic ability is concerned. Yet, in all that concerns the peculiar means of expression in art, the clothing of the thought in the vestment of glorified beauty of form, he is so closely fettered by the narrow limitations of his native surroundings, that he seldom rises to that height of art where thought and form find equal expression.

Durer is rightfully the darling and the pride of the German people; but we should not allow ourselves to forget, that, being the highest expression of our excellencies and virtues, he is at the same time the representative of our weaknesses and deficiencies. Blind idolatry is never seemly, least of all in connection with so genuinely true, so severe, a master. We are not permitted to hurry over the austere, rugged externalities of his style either with indifference or pretended rapture. It is difficult to rightly estimate his worth; but, when we earnestly seek to understand him, then we learn to love him best.

Durer has sounded the depths of reality in all its manifestations as few other masters have. His knowledge of the human organism, his observation of the life of nature in every aspect, are as astonishing for accuracy as the wealth of his ideas appears to be inexhaustible, the strength of his imagination unlimited. But he

CITY WALLS, NUREMBERG.

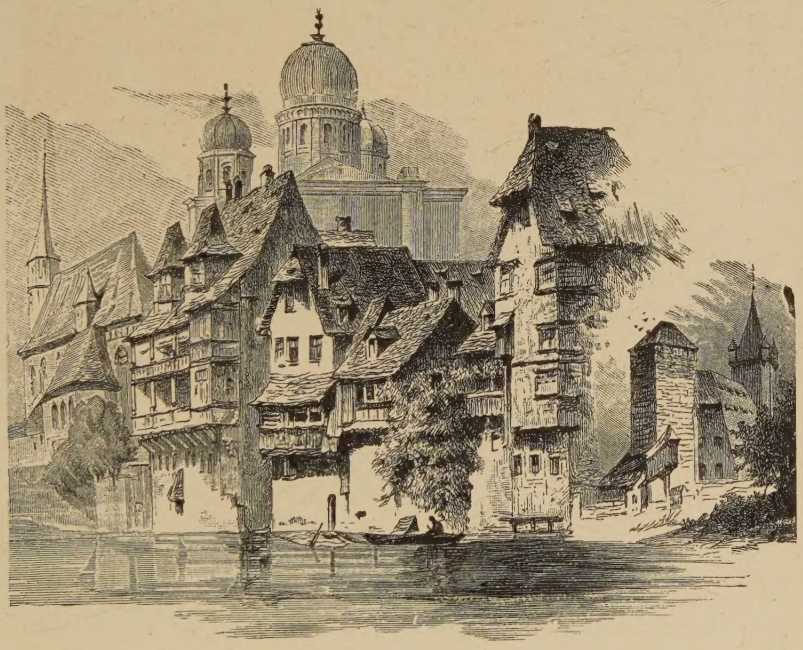
seldom attains to perfect beauty of form. He is so possessed by his grand aspiration after a reality, which grasps and holds one, that a higher style, even for ideal themes, does not seem to him of supreme value.

As with intense conviction he followed the struggles for reformation which were everywhere shaking the world during his lifetime; as, in his clear-sighted, acute intellect, the traditional symbolic conception of the Divine resolved itself into the human; so, too, everywhere in his representations he gives evidence of this revolution. His sacred figures are the Nuremberg burghers of his time, and, for the most part, from the sphere of common life, caught and fixed by his pencil with all the accidental surroundings of their daily existence. He took the matter of his pictures from his own environment, and never sought after types of dignity and beauty, but rather after strongly-marked and characteristic heads, which are oftener coarse than noble or graceful.

And even this motley crowd, full of rude individuality as it was, he usually presented in such wise in the treatment of form, that an arbitrary, knotty mannerism in the drawing of heads and hands, as well as in other portions of the picture, became a necessity, and even broke up the large, fine masses of his drapery into wrinkled, uneasy folds. His appreciation of form, too, recognized hardly any distinction, whether he represented any of the sacred personages of religious belief, the rude manifestations of every-day life, or the wondrous images of his fancy; they are all taken from the same sphere, and never attempt to seem more than they really are.

This curious propensity of Durer's is not satisfactorily accounted for by the fact that he

was surrounded by a motley, fantastical life, by the commonplace figures of the townsmen of his native place, instead of a beautiful, nobly-developed southern type of humanity. Neither is it sufficiently explained by the fact, that, in the wrinkled, uneasy fall of the folds of his drapery, he yielded to the influence of the wood-engraving of his time. His countryman, Peter Vischer, was able gradually to overcome both inti-



ON THE PEGNITZ.

fluences in his creations, and to work his way to a purer style replete with beauty.

It is most apparent that there existed in Durer a spiritual affinity with those characteristic features of life. It is the fantastic tendency of his time, which in him reaches its culminating point of expression, making necessary not only all those extravagances of form, but also the inexhaustible wealth and depth of his productiveness. Both in him are inseparable; and both must, of necessity, be simultaneously accepted. Harsh and repellant as much may appear to us at first sight, it is exactly here that the power that dwells in truth, depth and fervour of sentiment compels our admiration.

If even Italian masters, like Raphael, could not refrain from offering their homage to the greatness of the German artist, it will not be impossible for us to arrive at a comprehension of his artistic manner, so genuinely national, in spite of its deficiencies. We shall then find that hardly any master has scattered with so lavish a hand all that the soul has conceived of fervid feeling or pathos, all that thought has grasped of what is strong or sublime, all that the imagination has conceived of poetic wealth; that in no one has the depth and power of the Ger-

man genius been so gloriously revealed as in him.

Durer was born in 1471 in Nuremberg, and was at first bred with a view to his following his father's craft of goldsmith; but in 1486, on account of his strong inclination for painting, he was placed under the instruction of Wohlgemuth. He remained three years in Wohlgemuth's workshop; started on his travels as a journeyman in 1490; returned in 1494, and settled as master in his native town. Unfortunately, one cannot ascertain whither his years of wandering led him. We only know so much,—that he was on the Upper Rhine; and, without doubt, travelled as far as Venice.

After his return home, he was actively engaged for ten years in his native town, not only as a painter, but likewise in engraving on copper and wood, until 1505, when he made a journey to Italy, where, however, he became familiar with only Venice, Padua, and Bologna. Towards the close of the year following he returned to Nuremberg, where he plunged anew into a tireless and most productive round of labours, occupied not only with paintings, drawings, engravings on copper, and wood-cutting, but also produced a few admirable carvings in boxwood and soapstone.

He did not make a second journey before 1520,—this time to the Netherlands, whence he returned in the following year; after which time he lived and laboured uninterruptedly in his native city until his death, in 1528. To these latter years belong, beside his artistic works, several scientific writings, essays on geometry, fortification, and the proportions of the human body, which give evidence of his extensive and thorough culture.

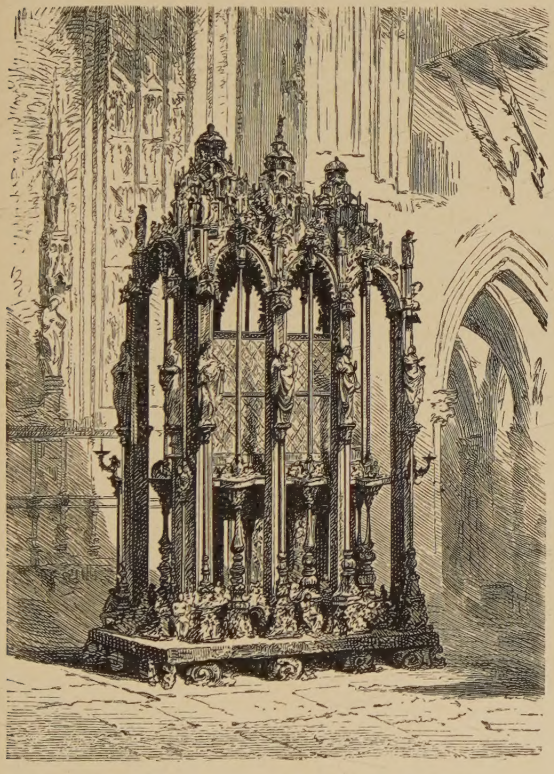
All this wondrous fertility of intellect unfolded itself in him quite spontaneously, without any external stimulus; on the contrary, in spite of the depressing effect of pinching domestic conditions, and unfavourable relations of life. Germany had no Julius II. or Leo X., no Medici or Gonzaga, no art-loving aristocracy, no high-minded municipal governments. Venice offered our master two hundred ducats yearly income if he would remain there; in Antwerp they strove to detain him by similar offers; but the true German man returned to his native place, notwithstanding that the city "had never given him five hundred guldens' worth of commissions in thirty years," obtaining, after much petitioning, from the council of the great imperial city, as his sole reward, that it would allow him five per cent. interest upon his capital of one thousand florins earned with remarkable patience and industry.

The Emperor Maximilian, sincerely as he regarded the admirable master, could not employ him upon anything more important than the decoration of a sword-hilt and of a prayer-book, together with the designing of the triumphal car, and the execution of the colossal woodcut of the triumphal arch,—rather an insipid allegorical glorification of the monarch, upon which Durer, however, certainly expended all the charm of his imagination. To be sure, the Emperor awarded him an annuity; but it was years before the arrangements were completed; so that the payments only began to come in to him a short time before his death.

The exemption from municipal taxation, which the Emperor himself, by a letter to the City Council, endeavoured to bring about, was of just as little advantage; for the city fathers prevailed upon the good-natured artist to give up his privilege, "so lament-

able and ignominious" were circumstances for him, as Durer himself says, giving vent, for once, to his righteous indignation. So much the higher stands the moral earnestness with which he unweariedly lived for his art.

In consideration of the master's many-sidedness, we will begin the survey of his most important works with the representations of religious subjects. In them Durer has broken through the limitations of ecclesiastical conception, and portrayed the sacred incidents, no doubt with all the petty details peculiar to the age, but, at the same time, in purely human fashion, and with overwhelming power. All the sublimity of a fancy as yet unbridled, and which wanders into the regions of formlessness and extravagance, unfolds itself in the woodcuts of the apocalypse of St. John, which appeared in 1498.



SHRINE OF ST. SEBALD, NUREMBERG.

Above all, we should not forget how much the great master accomplished, through these and numerous other works, for the development of wood-engraving. The art of cutting stamps with a raised design in wood, or even in metal, and which was then employed for many practical purposes, was already known far back in antiquity. In mediaeval times, such stamps were made use of, among other things, for stamping tapestry or cloth patterns of various kinds; and the initial letters of manuscripts were frequently printed in this way.

The most frequent application of this kind of wood-engraving was made after the fourteenth century, for supplying single leaves, which were offered for sale to the faithful, at the places of pilgrimage. The great monasteries, skilled in the practice of every art, also took up this, and sent forth whole series of engravings,—as, for instance, the Biblia Pauperum, the Ars Moriendi, the Apocalypse, etc. Playing cards also, which had been introduced into Germany as early as the close of the fourteenth century, were soon struck off from blocks, though at first prepared by the "card-painter."

The first who, by a perfect artistic mastery, raised wood-engraving to the height of its mission, and made it a powerful

means of culture for the whole people, was Durer; and he endeavoured, above all, to develop its grand power, rich fulness, and breadth, and, in these respects, brought it to an unrivalled perfection.

In his paintings, Durer aims at highest completeness, with an execution which often borders upon a miniature-like minuteness. Painting in Germany, at that time, had degenerated almost to a manufacturing business; since, in the great workshops,—and this was specially true of Wohlgemuth's,—the preparation of the altar-panels was intrusted, in a great degree, to the hands of apprentices.

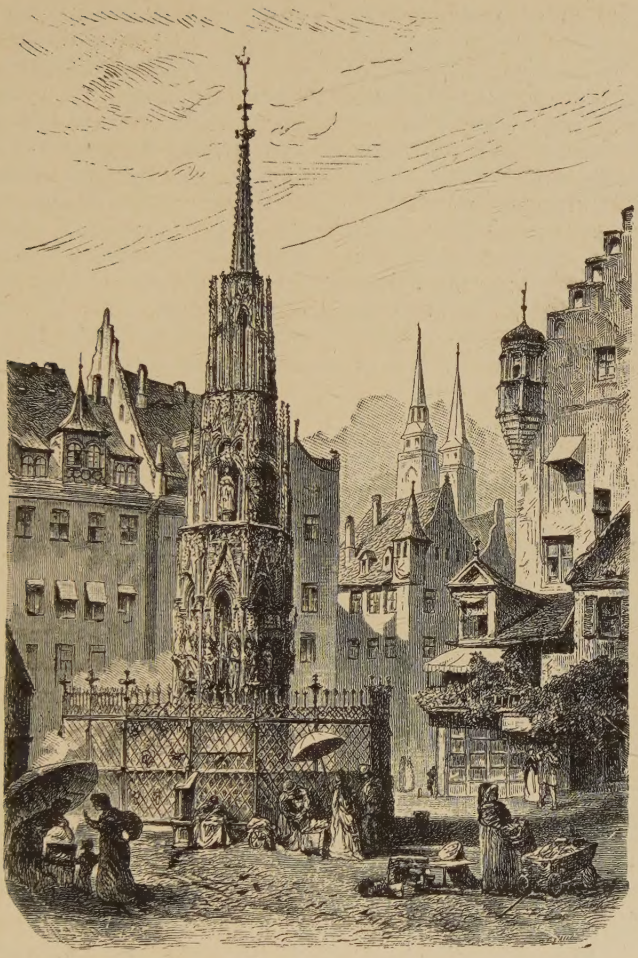
Durer was also glad to accept aid from the Italians in his aspirations after scientific thoroughness in his work; for he expressly made the journey to Bologna because some one there had promised to give him instruction in "secret perspective." In the same way he strove to make himself familiar with the architectural forms of the antique, as understood by the Renaissance; but, to the salvation of himself and of his art, he remained, in everything essential, true to himself and to his native land.

Though it cannot be denied that he never entirely got rid of many hard, unlovely mannerisms, still persisting in the harsh, angular treatment of drapery, as well as in his predilection for forms less remarkable for beauty than for sharply-defined characteristics, yet, in spite of such shortcomings, —the tribute paid by him to his age and environments,—he stands for us much higher than he would if he had sacrificed his peculiar individuality to the imitation of a foreign style.

No town in Germany, says the Rev. Dr. S. D. Green, so completely as Nuremberg, retains the characteristics of the past. Everything in the outward aspect of the place is mediaeval. The tall houses, with every variety of high gable, dormer windows, and richly decorated projections, are not simply here and there to be seen, as in other places—quaint survivals of the past amid architecture of modern style—they are everywhere, and the modern seems the unnatural exception. The city walls and towers, with the great moat or ditch surrounding them, remain much as when they were needed for defence, though, indeed, the moat for the most part is dry, and occupied by vegetable gardens. The bridges over the little river that divides the town, some of them covered by buildings, partake of the antique character of the place—the very shops, devoted to modern industry and the wares of to-day, seem, in their narrow streets, to harmonize with the great buildings of which they form the lower portion; and I fear that the odours of Nuremberg are mediaeval too.

In the church of St. Sebald the most conspicuous object is the saint's shrine, wrought in bronze by Peter Vischer (A.D. 1508-19), and fairly to be regarded as the masterpiece of that description of art. Its detail in every part is exquisite, as our engraving may in some measure indicate. The statues in the twelve pillars which support the fretted canopy are intended to represent the apostles, the familiar figures by which the columns are crowned are the chief fathers of the church; while the bas-reliefs in the arches that support the sarcophagus depict the alleged miracles of St. Sebald. In a niche of the monument below, the artist has introduced a statuette of himself, with his workman's apron on and a chisel in his hand.

Nuremberg, beyond most cities in Germany, accepted the Re-



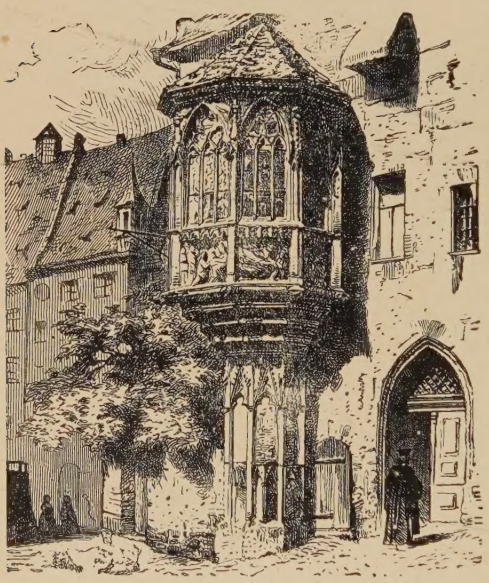
SCHÖNBRUNNEN—THE BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN, NUREMBERG.

formed doctrine quietly, became Lutheran calmly, decisively, and without a blow, and has so remained; although not without a bitter struggle, at the time of the Thirty Years' War, when Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein met here in a well-matched but decisive struggle.

The Schonbrunnen (Beautiful Fountain), close by the ancient market-place and the Roman Catholic church (Frauenkirche), is a most striking and a peculiarly graceful structure, in the style with which we in England are familiar as that of the "Eleanor Crosses." Near this, an inscription on an old house in a narrow street points out the dwelling of Hans Sachs, the homely poet of the Reformation, whose statue is hard by, representing him seated, in his burgher's dress, with countenance full of quiet humour.

Among the most impressive memories of Nuremberg are those of Albert Dürer, the pride of German art. Hard by his bronze statue is his house also, just beneath the castle. Almost equal in interest to Albert Durer's monu-

ment is his lowly grave in St. John's Cemetery, half a mile beyond the city gates. The ancient part of this burying-place is filled with tombs, each marked by its flat slab, placed in close and regular order, and numbered. Without any difficulty the number of Durer's grave, 649, guided me to the spot. The tomb is plain, like that of the great artist's fellow burghers; and bears the inscription, "Quidquid Alberti Dureri mortale fuit, sub hoc conditur



MELCHIOR'S WINDOW.

tumulo. Emigravit 8 idus Aprilis 1528." The monogram is underneath, with a short inscription in Latin and German, setting forth the main events of his life. But the word "Emigravit" is beautiful, as Longfellow has so truly remarked. In walking round the cemetery I was greatly struck by the constancy with which the phrase was repeated, "Hier ruht in Gott," "Here rests in God." No words, when truly applicable, can better consecrate the tomb!

The ancient city has played a noble part in the history of civilization. Its position between the Danube and the Rhine made it for several generations a market for the produce both of east and west. This traffic brought to it great wealth, and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the great merchants of Nuremberg were princes. Manufacture and invention, also, flourished here. Not to mention other productions of Nuremberg skill, it was here that watches were first made, about the year 1477; called from their shape, "Nuremberg eggs." The hearty adoption of Protestantism with its liberal and progressive ideas, assisted in sustaining the prosperity of the city, until partly through the opening of other routes for commerce, but chiefly through the calamities of the Thirty Years' War, there ensued a period of decline. Of late, however, the activities and successes of Nurembergers have more than revived; their city is now known as the "toy-shop of Europe;" and the suburbs abound in large and prosperous manufactories. The railway-carriage works employ nearly four thousand men; while Nuremberg seems the European centre for stationery of every kind, for wood-carvings and for fancy articles generally. It is stated that the lead pencils manufactured here amount to more than two hundred millions annually!

Longfellow thus sums up, in musical verse, many of the stirring memories of the grand old town:

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian Mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,

Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng ;
Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwellings in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old ;
And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted in their uncouth rhyme,*
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand :
On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art :
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart.
And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust ;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pyx of sculpture rare,
Like a foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through their painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art ;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tomb-stone where he lies ;
Dead he is not—but departed—for the artist never dies ;

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavements, that he once has breathed its air !

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the master singers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.

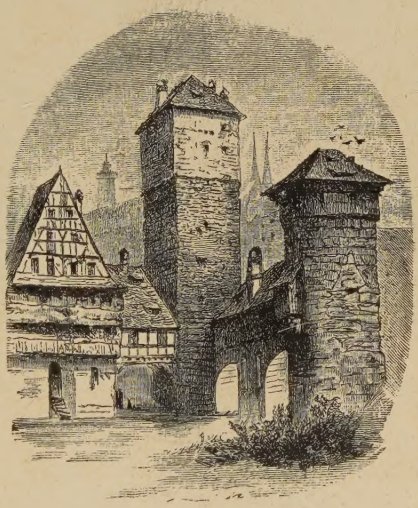
As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime ;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door ;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,
As the "old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long."



OLD TOWERS, NUREMBERG.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendour, and before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard :
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless lay :

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labour—the long pedigree of toil.

* An old popular proverb of the town runs thus :

"*Nurnberg's Hand*
Geht durch alle Land."

"Nuremberg's hand
Goes through every land."

METHODISM AT GIBRALTAR.

BY RICHARD W. ALLAN.

PLAINS OF GIBRALTAR.

It is a wonderful Rock, this Pillar of Hercules, which for nearly two hundred years God's providence has given us to keep, and which in the marvellous British fashion we have held against all comers and against all odds.

"In temporary occupation of the British," so runs the phrase in the proud, sad language of the Spaniard. But what would have been the result if it had not been thus occupied—what the result to-day?

Its position makes it one of the world's gateways, and, being in our keeping, the central sea has been made the highway for that freer thought and strenuous enterprise of which our country is the home, and by which it is rendered one of the great life-centres of the world.

Its shape we are all familiar with, and think we know it well; but really we do not. Indeed, we cannot, unless we have "gone round about it and told the towers thereof"; and then, whichever way we look at it, it startles us with some fresh revelations of strength. It is the very embodiment of the idea of strength—vast, dominant, impregnable.

How comes it there, a veritable fortress-city fashioned by the great King Himself, cut off from the mountains of the mainland by an almost sea-level plain, and standing up a sheer unassailable precipice one thousand six hundred feet high?

What were the forces that swept away the contiguous rocks, or, perhaps, rather, detaching this

rock from them all, made it the gateway of the Straits, that so it should stand alone commanding the Great Sea and controlling the passage to the West? It is a beacon-hill, a *place d'armes* for an advance upon Africa. Would to God we had been more swift to use it for the Cross which alone can raise the world.

Yes! it is a wonderful Rock, its shape, its pose, and attitude, one might say, are all full of many suggestions.

us that only by worship can we know?

And the Rock will bear a great deal of finding out. How can it be otherwise? A vast hillside, facing south-west, its rugged flanks are covered with a marvellously varied and luxuriant flora—two hundred distinct varieties, that good missionary and enthusiastic botanist, Mr. Cockill, told us years ago.

Then the drives! Round Europa Point to the Governor's cottage

SOUTHPORT GATE, GIBRALTAR.

Now it might be the model of the lions in Trafalgar Square, the inspiration rather. Again it gazes down upon you a vast, rugged, but for all that, a calm human face, a sphinx of God's own carving, and leading us, if we will, to worship Him at its feet. May not this, indeed, be the suggestion of the small temple between the feet of the Egyptian sphinx? The sphinx itself a great attempt to represent the Life and Over Lord of the world, the temple at its feet to tell

opening up the Mediterranean, to Catalan Bay in the north, where, together with a small British force, there is a village of fisher-folk of almost prehistoric antiquity; and across the neutral ground to squalid Linea and its huge bull-ring, all these are in their way full of interest to those who see.

But the far-famed galleries, which now in three tiers thread their way through and through the Rock, making it a veritable fortress from summit to base, are in

many respects the most wonderful, because the most vividly human, of all that Gibraltar can show. The skill and determination by which they have been fashioned; the secrecy in which they are kept; the steady, quiet persistence by which, day by day, they are being equipped and stored for modern war; the unsuspected points in the Rock face from which they could hurl destruction at an advancing foe—all these give them a fascinating, because a mysterious, interest.

They have other history, too, than that of their fashioning. Traditions of the great siege still linger, and some of the galleries, as we recall them, are crowded with memories of the heroes of that wonderful campaign.

One of the tales of this, or a subsequent time, is especially good. It tells of a soldier who, whilst on sentry in the galleries, or just before, had found peace with God, and was so full of joy that when challenged by the orderly officer on his rounds, instead of the password for the day, gave, "The precious blood of Jesus," to the no little bewilderment, and let us hope, to the ultimate enlightenment of the officer.

And what of Methodism in this gateway of the world? It certainly will be there. For is it not a fact that wherever the British flag floats there Methodism is found? If it has no other representatives, there will be the Methodist soldiers and sailors. And the Rock is no exception, for some of the most precious records of our Church are found in connection with it. It can boast its soldier Christians, its soldier martyrs, we may well say, who dared to meet in prayer, when to do so was branded as contrary to discipline, and as conduct unbecoming a British soldier, the penalty for disobedience being five hundred lashes. They met, they suffered, they conquered, and so was won for the British army the priceless blessing of freedom to worship God.

Then came that wonderful little Cornishman, the Rev. Dr. Rule, surely one of God's choicest gifts to Methodism, whose chief fault was that, being a born soldier and a genius to boot, he saw with a keener vision and dared with a greater daring than most men.

He secured for Methodism its proper place and recognition. He built our church and parsonage and schools, and organizing our services, gave us the position which we hold to-day.

From his time till now, with varying faith and ideals, we have held on to the Rock, not repeating the mistake of Malta, and in a moment of disheartenment abandoning the place, only, however, to be compelled to return. True, one branch of our work, the Spanish Mission, which had gathered a little church at Linea, and the Spanish school have most reluctantly been given up, whilst the assault on Africa has never yet been delivered. It is a sad fact that this is so, and that, so far, at least, as we are concerned, the Spanish hinterland is not being recovered from the blighting curse of priestcraft, that the crowded native population of the Rock is left wholly in the hands of Rome, and that no mission labour is given to the thousands of natives who come and go from Africa and Spain. A vigorous colportage might be employed, and never with greater advantage than at present, when labourers from Algeciras and Linea in such large numbers go to and from the great dockyard works which are now in progress.

But this apart, there is much of cheer in the position and work of our Church which is now become

a Naval and Military chaplaincy, gathering around it a small but increasing number of devoted civilian Methodists.

The Sunday we were permitted to spend in Gibraltar gave abundant evidence of the vitality and growing usefulness of our Church. The early morning service for the Wesleyans of the Channel Fleet, with its congregation of some four hundred and fifty men, the second parade service for the garrison and stationary ships again nearly filling the chapel, the voluntary evening service with more than one hundred present, the blessed Sacramental service at the close, and then the crowded home gathering for praise and prayer and testimony, are experiences which will long be remembered.

In one respect the abandonment of the Spanish school has been an advantage, as it has made it possible, by a slight adaptation of the premises, to provide a Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, which by its success is abundantly proving its necessity.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL FROM GALLERY OPENING, GIBRALTAR.

And nowhere in the empire is there a station which more acutely needs such an institution. With a garrison of more than five thousand men, with a regular naval force of close upon a thousand, with frequent visits from the Channel and Mediterranean Fleets, numbering each from ten thousand to fourteen thousand men, it

is impossible to exaggerate this necessity.

The narrow limits of the station, crowded as it is with a resident population, and affording none of the scope for varied amusement which larger stations provide, intensify the necessity. Here also, as elsewhere, the children of this world are wiser—an evil wisdom truly—than the children of light. Drink-shops selling vile and maddening stuffs, singing saloons, to which—oh, the pity !—young English girls come out to sing, lured by lying advertisements, and scarcely-hidden harlotry, all for the sake of mammon, ply their evil trade. On the other hand, we Christian people, unless we are mistaken, only open three doors of home for all these splendid British men who man our fleet and keep watch and ward at this gateway of the world.

Why the drink-shops are tolerated, are not "put out of bounds," or wholly abolished; why our soldiers and sailors should be exposed to the harpies who in too many instances make the strongholds of the empire the prison-houses of its defenders, passes all comprehension. Surely they might be cleared away that so God, not the devil, might have His chance. And, without doubt, there is a good hope that this will be, for the high-minded and noble men who govern our Mediterranean and Channel Fleets are but examples of that better spirit and finer conception of manliness which are surely taking the place of power in the army and navy of our empire.

Meanwhile, what is needed in Gibraltar, as in Malta, is a carefully devised and bold extension of our Soldiers' and Sailors' Homes.

When the fleet was not in, the Home—the converted school premises—we found, was largely frequented, and was the centre of many gracious activities. But when the fleet was in, the scenes that were witnessed were both delightful and saddening.

Mr. Sarchet, with admirable ingenuity, strove to meet the demands, and by all kinds of makeshifts—converting tables and forms and the floors even into beds, he provided all possible accommodation for the men who were on leave. But when all had been done by him and by the other two Homes, by far the greater part was left undone. The men crowded to the Home as to a refuge for refreshment and rest, and, sorely disappointed, were compelled to go away.

The situation is become still more grave from the fact of the great dockyard works which are now in operation, and which, when completed, will make Gibraltar a first-class naval station. Between £4,000,000 and £5,000,000 are being expended on this extension, and soon a large body of British workmen will be engaged upon it.

It is, therefore, of pressing moment that steps at once be taken to consolidate and extend our work. And as we stood together by the famous "Ragged Staff," just before embarking for home, Mr. Sarchet pleadingly emphasized this necessity. And now, as we recall all our experiences, the importance of the bold but careful Forward Movement which he advocated becomes, if possible, still more manifest.

It was a wonderful experience, that farewell to the Rock. For it so happened that a distinguished officer was giving up the command of one of the great warships and proceeding home in our steamer to take up a still more important post. We were therefore delayed for his comrades to bid him God-speed. One by one out from the men-of-war, the steam launch and the captain's gig came hurrying to

our side, and the Sea Lords of the greatest navy the world has ever known came hurrying up the companion to bid their adieus.

Such a gathering no other race could well have furnished—skill, courage, culture, chivalry, and quiet reserve of power were all there. And as these splendid men, running down the gangway and leaping into their launches, took the tiller and were away to their respective ships, we saw again why it is that our race is one of empire, and we thanked God afresh that men like Drake and Frobisher and Grenville had delivered it from "the devildoms of Spain," and that men like Wesley had been raised up to "spread Scriptural holiness through the land."

And so, prouder and more thankful than ever for our race, and more intensely believing in and resolved to spend and be spent for the Army and Navy work which God has honoured us as a Church to do, we sped swiftly out of this wonderful bay, leaving Gibraltar with its strenuous life, and Algeciras with its squalid poverty and decay, signal witnesses to the truth that to know God is to live, that to put man in God's place is to die.—Wesleyan Missionary Notices.

DISTANT VIEW OF GIBRALTAR FROM ALGECIRAS.

WEEDS.

We call them weeds, the while, with slender fingers,
Earth's wounds and scars they seek to cover o'er;
On sterile sands, where scarce the raindrop lingers,
They grow and blossom by the briny shore.

We call them weeds; did we their form but study,
We many a secret might unfolded find;
Each tiny plant fulfils its heaven-taught mission,
And bears the imprint of immortal mind.

We call them weeds, the while their uses hidden
Might work a nation's weal, a nation's woe;
Send thro' each wasted frame the balm of healing,
And cause the blood with youth's quick pulse to flow.

Weeds—yet they hold in bonds the mighty ocean;
Their slender threads bind firm the sandy shore.
Navies may sink amid its wild commotion;
These humble weeds never their work give o'er.

And who shall say the feeblest thought avails not
To bind the shifting sands upon life's beach?
Some heart may treasure what we've long forgotten,
The faintest word some soul with power may reach.

1799–1899.—THE CONTRAST AND OUTLOOK.

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.,

Chancellor of Victoria University.

As we enter upon the closing year of this century our thoughts naturally revert to a hundred years ago. Where then stood the world? the Church? our own country? What was then being attempted? What were the hopes and what the fears of the better part of our race? Do the results in any way correspond? What an interesting article might be written on the British Empire of a hundred years ago, and its relation to that of to-day. What a complete philosophy of human history might be evoked by the pen, say, of Goldwin Smith, from the France, the Germany, the Italy, the United States of a hundred years ago as related to those nations to-day. How the slumbering germs of things yet to be lay ready to spring into life. But all these inviting fields are apart from our practical purpose. We have a duty as a part of the Church of the living God, and as Canadians, which lies nearer home, and to which we must turn our thoughts.

Addressing ourselves, first of all, to the world's religious outlook then and now, we must bear in mind that in any age the kingdom of God cometh not with observation. The real religious forces which move the world are not great organizations with large revenues, strong and ancient institutions, magnificent temples, vast learning, rich literature, and millions of adherents. All these may be evidences of power; they certainly are results of power. But they are results which may continue after the power which produced them has disappeared. The true power which builds the kingdom is the Holy Ghost in the Church, a living faith in the hearts of God's people. To boast of aught but this as giving promise for the twentieth century is empty and vain.

At the close of the last century the spiritual power of Christianity for aggressive effort largely centred in two movements. The one was the movement of which John Wesley was a leader and a great part, a movement stirring all England and America. The other was directly related to this and helped at its birth, the pietism of Germany. Out of these two have come forth in a hundred years influences which in every way have changed the whole Christian world.

I have not called the first of these movements Methodism, because organized Methodism, as it will be represented at the next Ecumenical Conference, is but a part, and perhaps not the largest part, of the outcome of the spiritual forces which had gathered in England and America between 1740 and 1800. The force itself was by no means measured by the Wesleyan body in the Old World or the Methodist body in the New. The work of the Divine Spirit in those sixty years had reached all the English Churches, and had carried its power of new life over to Scotland. Such names as Simeon in the Anglican Church, the Erskines in Scotland, Edwards, Wayland, and others in America, stand for many thousands in the English-speaking lands in whose hearts was that power of divine life which was the potency and promise of all that was to come.

The second centre of evangelical

life at the beginning of the century seemed driven back to Herrnhut and the Moravians. The earlier promise of the middle of the century in the Pietists of Spener's school had been almost extinguished in the universal prevalence of rationalism, and the new spiritual life which began with Schleiermacher had not yet dawned. It would be presumptuous and foolish to affirm that all else in Christianity but that which centred around these two points was dead. Here was concentrated the world's evangelical life and power, which we believe to be the true apostolical type of Christianity. But aside from this, the vast mass of sacramentarian Christianity still retained some power of earnest revival; and there still lingered in the midst of rationalistic Christianity some capacity to return to a deeper mystic faith.

But at the beginning of the present century, we look in vain in either of these directions for an army ready and equipped in living faith to step forth for the conquest of the world for Christ. The power of missionary evangelization lay in the little band of evangelical Christians, the men who, "being justified by faith, had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," and these at that date numbered but a few hundred thousand. The Methodist membership numbered about two hundred thousand, and the entire evangelical force of the age would probably be overestimated if we placed it at a million truly converted souls. Yet these men were already in the first decade of the century organizing or supporting ten missionary societies, together with tract and Bible societies, having the same end in view of the evangelization of the world. If we may judge them from their works, though the army was like Gideon's band in numbers, they were also like them in courage and faith and zeal in their work.

Such was the beginning of the century. Less than a million evangelical Christians founding a dozen incipient societies to take the world for Christ.

But in our own country what was the outlook one hundred years ago? Canada, Newfoundland, and the Bermudas were then purely mission fields. In Newfoundland, the oldest field, there was one Methodist preacher. In the Lower Provinces, five preachers and 850 members. In Lower Canada, two preachers began their labours with the century, and in Upper Canada there were six preachers and 936 members. Fourteen preachers, and about two thousand members represent the Methodism of Canada in the year 1800. The evangelical forces of the country were very little indeed beyond this. Even down to the middle of the century the writer can remember the sneers of members of other Protestant Churches at the evangelistic work of Methodism.

Thus the century opened in the Old World and in the New, in Canada, and in the United States, with a little band of earnest, consecrated souls addressing themselves in faith and with divine power, first to the planting of new spiritual life in the hearts of all their fellow countrymen, and next, if not equally, to the evangelization of the heathen world. The little band numbered less than a million; the world's population probably a thousand millions. The seed of life was less than one to a thousand. What are the results of a hundred years? I shall name them in order, as they sprang out of the last century and into the new.

1. The great Sunday-school movement.

2. The Missionary movement.

3. The Bible and religious literature movement.

4. The evangelization of the British Colonial Empire in Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, the West Indies, and South America.

5. The evangelization of the vast republic of the United States.

6. The awakening of all the English-speaking evangelical Churches.

7. The new spiritual movement of all the continental Protestant Churches, including Germany, Switzerland, France, the Netherlands, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden.

8. The awakening of the Greek Church in Russia.

9. The Oxford Movement in England.

10. The wonderful evangelical revival beginning with the noonday prayer-meetings in Fulton Street, New York, the establishment of the week of prayer, the approximation of all evangelical Churches, the Ulster revivals, the work of Moody and Sankey, in England, Scotland, and America, the universal appearance of the evangelistic spirit in all the Churches.

11. The Young Men's Christian Association.

12. The Salvation Army.

13. The forward movement in all the Churches for the salvation of the lapsed masses of our great cities.

14. The young people's movement in all the Churches: Christian Endeavour, Epworth League, King's Daughters, etc.

15. The vast collateral work of social reform reaching out into the fields of politics and legislation, including temperance, social purity, prison reform, care of the poor, and all such lines of work.

The above is but the barest outline of the direct Christian work of the century. Each of the items might be expanded into a volume, and then the half not be told. And then the whole intellectual side of Christianity, its relation to human thought, to all literature, science, and philosophy, its relation to all the varied elements of our civilization, to popular and to higher education and to industrial life, all these must still be added before we have even outlined the field of Christian progress for the century.

If, one hundred years ago, out of the din of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, no man could have predicted the political status of to-day, or out of the incipient discoveries in science none could have anticipated the splendid scientific achievements of to-day, certainly no foresight of genius could have predicted from the despised religious forces of one hundred years ago the vast movement which we have just outlined.

But we may now very profitably note in retrospect that this movement has not been largely a movement of the great ancient Churches or institutions. Sometimes the movement has been within these, sometimes without them, and sometimes they have thrust it out. Sometimes they have let it alone, sometimes they have opposed it, sometimes they have utilized and helped it. But in every case the movement has originated in the vital power of religion in the hearts of a few earnest men. The great ecclesiastical assemblies of the world have created little or nothing of all this; it has been conspicuously the work of the Spirit of God. In the accomplishment of His purposes, God has sometimes used, but more frequently passed by, the immense organizations which have survived from the past. To assign the reason would not be more difficult now than in the time of our Lord's advent.

In summing up, then, the forces of to-day available for the work of

the twentieth century, we must repeat the statement that we must not look to outward appearances. We must not be dazzled by the numbers, wealth, and statistical strength of great organizations. William and Catharine Booth, in earthly poverty, and burdened with agony of soul for lost sinners, alone on their knees, may be mightier than William Booth at the head of a great Army. It was indeed the Divine power which descended upon that closet of prayer which created the Army. Only the eye of God can discern the real forces of the Christian Church to-day. He alone can foresee their outcome. Where, like the prophet of old, we may be disposed to say, "I, even I, am left alone," God's answer may be, "Seven thousand." It is only, therefore, with humble sense of our dimness of vision that any of us may speak of the present power of Christendom or of the possibilities of the twentieth century.

1. In estimating the spiritual forces of the world to-day we first of all note the fact that in all the Churches, sacramental as well as evangelical, supreme importance is assigned to personal religion. Nor is this emphasis simply outward and formal, as it was so largely a hundred years ago. Even the sacramentarian Churches are no longer satisfied with mere outward conformity, but insist on sincerity and spirituality as a personal character. In the evangelical Churches a personal religious experience has become the watchword of all the denominations, and even the smaller number who might be classed as rationalistic Christians are not satisfied with a rational and ethical construction of doctrine, but are seeking for a deeper unity of moral and religious spirit with the unseen God, and magnify the mind and spirit of Christ as never before. The absolute necessity of personal religion and of a spiritual character is thus, we think, an acknowledged element of Christian faith in all the Churches of to-day.

This is but the expression of another encouraging fact. It is perhaps not too much to say that at the present time there are thirty millions of converted men and women in evangelical Christendom; and not less than one hundred millions who are Christians not merely in name but in sincere purpose of heart and effort of life, and who in character and conduct manifest something of the Spirit of Christ. This means a rate of progress which in another century would bring the whole world's population consciously under the sway of Christ and measurably under the influence of His Spirit.

But while our faith thus rises to a glorious outlook, on one point only do we seem to hear a note of warning. Is our personal, spiritual life as definite, as clearly marked as in the apostolic age? as in the time of the Wesleys? as in the first great sweeping revivals of the century now closing? Are the doctrines of assurance, of the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and of perfect love as clearly taught, as distinctly apprehended as the aim of Christian life, as widely possessed as a living experience, as they were forty or fifty years ago? I put not these queries as a prophet of evil, but we may bestir ourselves that we lose not that whereto we have attained.

2. We next may note that the spirit of active, energetic work for Christ, and the sense of personal responsibility for direct Christian work has grown to be one of the mighty world forces of to-day. An age of dogmatics and ecclesiastics seems to be giving place to an age of strenuous pragmatics. And this is not merely individual, but social, political, world-wide.

It is reaching out into the whole life of humanity, and striking at the roots of all manner of evil and wrong. The sinners and the wrongs of the ages are crying out, "Let us alone; what have we to do with thee?" But the Christ kingdom of the ages will not, cannot, let them alone, and they must be cast out that humanity may go free.

Will, then, the end of the coming century see the liquor traffic curse, the social impurity curse, the opium curse, the political corruption curse, turned out of human life as great institutions? Will its setting sun shine over purified forms of social life, of political life, of industrial life, in which the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of humanity, the common good of all will be the corner and foundation stones? Surely, if the deeper spiritual power touches all hearts, the pragmatic spirit of the age will blossom into these new fruits of common Christian life.

3. The profoundly earnest missionary spirit of the Church is one of the most prominent signs of the times, and must enter with tremendous energy into the spiritual forces of the twentieth century. This missionary spirit is universal. It is so intense as to give rise not only to a holy emulation, but sometimes even to unseemly rivalry. It commands the most generous, the most universal and most constant contributions of any cause which appeals to Christian liberality. It has taken hold especially of the young mind of the Church, and of our schools of higher learning, until to-day there is scarcely one of them without its missionary society and its band of consecrated men and women preparing for work in the mission field.

At the same time the political, social and religious attitude of the world, even of the non-Christian world, towards this great missionary movement has largely changed. At the beginning of the century it was largely regarded outside as an outcome of fanatical zeal, or as an attack upon the institutions delivered from their fathers, to be resisted by brute force. Now it is recognized as the onward movement of light and truth, bringing higher civilization and better life. The older religions, into whose darkness it is pressing itself, recognize that the battle cannot be fought by brute force, but that it must be fought out at the bar of reason and conscience, or at least by appeal to the spirit of traditional and national pride and prejudice. In the world's international law the rights of this great missionary movement are respected, as are the rights of commerce and trade. Every nation on earth is now open to its work, and already the nucleus of a Christian Church has been planted in every great country of the world. Is it too much to expect that this movement will result in the next century in the evangelization of the whole world?

4. Lastly, this entire Christian movement of to-day is directed by an increasingly perfect knowledge. A hundred years ago the apostles of science and those of religion were largely in opposite camps. Even the great political and social leaders of the world largely ignored the deeper religious spirit, and all its direct forms of work. But to-day, not only has the religious spirit moved outward towards these worlds of what was regarded as the secular sphere, but the intellectual life and even the political and business habits and methods have largely invaded the Church. The result of this has by no means been an unmixed good. But, on the other hand, it has not been an unmixed evil. Religion, quite as much as any other side of

human life, requires knowledge and common sense. No one recognized more clearly than John Wesley the tendency of religion to degenerate into enthusiasm and fanaticism. And the modern invasion of reason and common-sense into the domain of religion has tended to sweep out a thousand superstitions and extravagances which largely hindered the progress of Christ's kingdom. As a consequence, the world movement of Christ's kingdom is advancing to-day with a clearer vision of truth and duty, with a purer and so a stronger faith, and with a wiser discernment of right ways and means than ever before. These things are, it is true, only accessory, but as the Lord cometh, it is ours to "cast up the highway and gather out the stones."

A CENTENNIAL FORWARD MOVEMENT.

BY BISHOP J. M. THOBURN, D.D., LL.D.*

The proposal made by Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P., to the English Methodists, to collect the sum of a million guineas as a thank-offering for the blessings of the past century and a resource for coming years, has met with an extraordinary response. Although addressed in the first instance to only one section of English Methodism, the echo of the appeal has been heard around the entire globe, and the whole sisterhood of Methodist Churches is responding with an alacrity which gives promise of a very large measure of financial success.

It has been felt, however, by many, and the feeling seems to be growing deeper and more widespread daily, that a movement of this kind must be incomplete and fail to accomplish a full measure of success so long as it is limited to material interests. In other words, the effort to collect a worthy financial offering ought to be associated with a corresponding forward movement on spiritual lines. In all great religious movements which are healthy in tone and permanent in results this association of generous giving with earnest and practical working may be observed, and in the present case it will doubtless be found that a carefully organized effort to win disciples for our Master will not only result in an immense ingathering of converts and an uplifting of the spiritual tone, but also in a marked increase in the offerings of the people.

Aside from the influence of such a movement upon the financial enterprise which has been undertaken there are many special reasons why an effort of this kind should be made at the present time. While our Church is not in a state of decadence, and while no immediate peril confronts us, yet the most optimistic observer can hardly regard the present situation as even moderately satisfactory. Some of the weak points in this situation may be indicated in a few words. In the first place, we are confronted, if not by a decline in membership, at least by an arrest of progress which is almost as significant as a positive decline would be. If an Atlantic liner, which for several years in succession has averaged twenty knots an hour, should sud-

* We have pleasure in reproducing from the *Methodist Review* for September this stirring appeal for a grand aggressive movement of American Methodism. It is no less applicable to us in Canada at this important crisis.—ED.

denly slacken its speed and drop down to five or six knots, the owners of the vessel would hardly congratulate themselves on the general condition and working capacity of their steamer. Very much may be said in explanation of the present arrested growth of the Church, but in this discussion we have only to deal with the fact. Be the explanation what it may, the fact presents some ominous features and calls for immediate and careful attention.

For some years past, in common with all our sister Churches, we have seemed unable to grapple successfully with the emergencies which God in His providence has set before us. This has been painfully apparent in our great cities, where too often we see Christian Churches struggling desperately for mere existence, instead of contending resolutely with the powers of evil around them and moving forward in a career of victory. Nobler Christians have never lived than are many of those who are engaged in the struggle which is going on in our great cities, but up to date it must be confessed that they are barely holding their own. In the foreign field we see even a more depressing spectacle. Wide doors are open, error is giving way, and amazing possibilities are revealed; but the Church holds back and seems irresolute and almost despondent while in full sight of assured victory, Our missionary force is actually decreasing in the face of the most inviting opportunities which God has ever set before a people.

One singular feature of the present situation, which to some appears hopeful, although in reality deceptive, calls for special remark. We have before us the unusual spectacle of a plethora of preachers, and yet in every direction we see men running up and down in search of effective helpers to aid in what they call "revival efforts." The average Methodist preacher of the present day may be as good a man as at any past period, but it has for some time seemed as if he is a less effective worker than he formerly was. Nor does the evangelist whom he so gladly calls to his aid appear to be the man for the times. He is not at his best when fighting at the very gates of hell. He too often seeks and demands soft conditions, and has a persistent inclination to seek large audiences of sympathetic believers, rather than indifferent or hostile groups of uncongenial unbelievers. The present-day revival is also no longer like that of the last century, or that of a comparatively recent date in the present century.

Very many exceptions may be pointed out, but we cannot trust to exceptions. The average revival is shallow, and its results unsatisfactory. A religious movement which does not get a grip on character, which does not revolutionize human lives and remodel and purify homes, may be good in its way, but it is not a revival in the proper sense of the word. Be the cause what it may, it can hardly be doubted that an immense number of nominal Christians have their names inscribed on our Church rolls, very few of whom have any idea of personal obligation to the Church or of personal responsibility as workers in the vineyard.

These remarks will probably be challenged by some readers, but they are not written in a spirit of either hostility or discouragement. The writer has never been accused of pessimism in any of its phases, and does not believe that the present situation furnishes any ground for either despair or discouragement. But when a great aggressive movement is proposed in the name of the Church, and is in-

tended to embrace the whole Church, it is of the first importance that we get an intelligent view of the actual situation. If we would build securely we must be willing to dig down through all manner of debris until we find a solid foundation for the superstructure which we propose to erect.

If it becomes apparent that a general movement should be inaugurated on spiritual lines, as the complement to the financial movement now in progress, it becomes a question of supreme importance as to what measures are to be adopted to make it successful. It need hardly be said that no great result can be expected without careful organization and systematic work. The first, and perhaps the greatest, danger to be anticipated is that of trusting to an official proclamation of a general revival effort, followed by a series of exhortations in the Church papers. A score of failures in the past ought to suffice to convince every one that no general movement can be either set in motion or carried forward in that way. Nor is it desirable that the movement should be defined by the single word "revival," a term which unfortunately has become somewhat equivocal in recent years. The practical value of a general revival movement throughout the Church would depend on its depth. It might possibly happen that, like some rivers, it would grow more and more shallow as it increased in width. If we wish to achieve the largest amount of possible good we must determine just what we would do and how our task is to be accomplished. The task to be attempted will be a gigantic one, and to achieve success the movement must be organized—thoroughly organized—and wisely directed by leaders who understand clearly the work to be done.

A successful Church should be composed of persons who are living witnesses to a personal Saviour, who give freely of their substance to promote that Saviour's interests, and who personally engage in such forms of service as opportunity offers in their Master's name. How many Methodists in our present day can be classed in the above category? Very many, it is to be feared, are unable to stand forth as living witnesses for Christ; very many are unable to say, "I know;" very many give little or nothing of their substance; and very few engage in any form of personal service for Christ's sake, unless it be in the way of ordinary routine. The great work of recruiting disciples for the Master is left almost wholly to men in the pulpit, and these in turn trust to long-range methods in which personal effort almost wholly disappears. A church which trusts to professional workers alone, or chiefly, is undone; but it is just at this point that modern Methodism has grown weak. The revival which we need is one which will stir into activity a million idlers in the market place, unloose a million purse-strings, unloose a million lips, put songs of joy into a million hearts, and make a million feet swift to run in the way of the Lord's commandments.

"But how," it will be asked, "can such results be attained? What standard of piety or of grace do you propose to set up? Is a new Gospel to be preached? And, if so, in what respect is it to differ from the truth which is proclaimed from ten thousand Methodist pulpits every Sunday?" No new Gospel is proposed, but only a revival of that with which universal Methodism was entrusted at the beginning. Every one has heard the story of how John Wesley's heart was "strangely warmed" one evening while attending a little meeting in Aldersgate Street, London. The heart-warming process,

whatever it may have been, resulted in making John Wesley an earnest witness for a living Christ, and from that point forward, like the early disciples, "with great power" he bore testimony to the grace and glory of the risen and exalted Man of Nazareth.

Peter's initial sermon was unique because the occasion was exceptional—the inauguration of a new dispensation—and he was aided, moreover, by the united faith of a hundred and twenty believers of rare faith and devotion. But if we compare man with man throughout months and years, John Wesley will appear quite as successful in witnessing for Christ, if not, indeed, more so, than was Simon surnamed Peter. The fact to be noted is that, when a believer receives in normal measure the gift of the Holy Spirit, he is thereby empowered to become a witness for Christ as a personal Saviour and to go forth representing Him among men. "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you."

The work to be done, then, by the individual Christian is, first and chiefly, to assume the character and to receive the anointing of a witness for Christ, and thenceforth to win disciples for his Master. After this follows a long list of duties sanctioned in the New Testament and recognized by early Methodism. The conventional Christian worker finds it a much more congenial duty to minister to the souls than to the bodies of men, and it is to be feared that very many Methodists are not yet aware that among the rules which they have promised to keep is one which enjoins "doing good of every possible sort, and, as far as possible, to all men," both to their "bodies" and to their "souls." The prosperous condition of the American people, until recent years, perhaps more than anything else has made this rule a dead letter to most persons, but we are now face to face with new conditions, and the Christianity which alone can win hereafter must be one that recognizes the double duty of ministering to the wants both of the body and the soul.

The modern disciple must not only be a prompt and positive witness for his Master, but also in his daily life be like that Master, who habitually "went about doing good" among his fellowmen. The forward movement, then, which is called for both by the state of the Church and the exigencies of the times, is one which will combine a great manifestation of spiritual life with a corresponding development of personal activity on the part of individual Christians. The Gospel of free grace is one which places a weighty emphasis upon personal responsibility; and the offer of salvation, full and free to the human race, must be accompanied by an imperative call to service on the part of the penitent sinner. In other words, good works must be insisted on, not as a means, but rather as an evidence of salvation.

We now reach the practical point in this discussion. How is such a forward movement to be inaugurated, and how carried forward? We are all, perhaps, too prone to fall into the error against which Mr. Wesley cautioned his followers in the days when the word "enthusiasm" meant about the same as "fanaticism" does now; we assume that the desired end can be reached without the use of appropriate means. In the present case we cannot be too careful to avoid this error. A great movement, embracing the whole Church and enlisting all classes, cannot be successfully inaugurated without careful preparation and a thorough organization of the forces to be employed. There must be no haste. In a great spiritual campaign a rash beginning will al-

most certainly result in partial, if not complete, failure. Plans can be matured in the meantime, and much preparatory work done, but the Church in her official capacity should utter the final word. The scene thus presented to the world and to history will be that of a great Church standing with one foot in the old century and one in the new, engaged in the most stupendous effort ever made by a Christian organization to wrest a vast multitude of souls from the powers of darkness and gain a new and most important vantage-ground in the coming century.

But how are we to organize? Where are the workers? Can any plan be devised for engaging a sufficient number of capable men and women in such an undertaking to make it successful. Let us see? To inaugurate such a movement throughout the Church a working force of at least 200,000 persons will be needed. This should be regarded as the minimum numerical strength required at the outset; but, if successful at the beginning, the number of workers would no doubt increase steadily, and perhaps rapidly. "How are they to be found?" Simply in the same way in which Mr. McKinley found his soldiers for the war. Let a call for volunteers be issued in the name of the General Conference—that is, a call for men and women to enlist for special Christian work for the term of twelve months—and the response will be prompt, enthusiastic, and equal to the demand. If it be painfully true that a large proportion of the membership of the Church is composed of persons who are only slightly amenable to a sense of personal obligation, it is equally true that a still larger proportion is made up of persons who sincerely wish to serve in the ranks of God's militant host, and who will respond with alacrity if such a call as that proposed above is made upon them.

In the meantime plans for receiving, enrolling, drilling, and otherwise directing these volunteers can be carefully matured. The whole enterprise should be carried out in harmony with presiding elders and pastors, but not necessarily in all cases by them personally. Some may be more than willing to assume the extra work involved in such a movement, while others will gladly make over the most difficult part of the work to volunteers. A great host of laymen of both sexes can be brought into the movement, and in this way brought permanently into active work in the Church. The main difficulty will be found in securing the services of a few first-class leaders—men who can enter into the spirit of such a movement, who are blessed with a contagious confidence and enthusiasm, and who will devote one year to this work. Leaders will not abound at first, but a great movement of this kind will develop leadership rapidly, and indeed this is one of the great blessings to be anticipated from the effort.

What will be the cost of such a movement: It need not be very great. If properly managed it can be made to pay its own expenses. It can, of course, be made expensive, but one of the objects of such a movement should be to teach our people how to achieve great results by the use of simple means. By observing a few simple rules, and by discarding artificial methods, a whole State might be stirred into new life at less cost than is sometimes required to support a special evangelist for a few weeks in a single city or town.

The reader is perhaps becoming impatient to know what special work is to be done by the volunteers, what duties they are to as-

sume, what meetings are to be held, what training is to be given them, or perhaps whether they are to be organized on a model like that of the Salvation Army. As to this last question the writer most certainly has indulged in no dream of any such elaborate scheme as that devised by General Booth, to say nothing of its questionable features. On the other hand, the object is merely to induce as many Christians as possible to engage in simple but direct Christ-like service in such forms and under such circumstances as may be found practicable. There can be no rigid method in such a service.

The most prominent object—that which is to be kept in the forefront all the time—is that of winning disciples for the Master. But, after all, this can only be a small portion of an ordinary Christian's duty, nor can any series of duties be said to belong imperatively to every individual Christian. When mention is made of drilling Christians for work no military idea is in the most remote sense in view. The writer remembers very distinctly how his first presiding elder taught him in the days of timid youth to engage in pastoral visiting. In doing so the elder was simply drilling him for a simple but most important service. We have a hundred thousand young people in the Church to-day who need this kind of training, or of drill, if one chooses to give that name to it.

What measures of success can we reasonably hope for if an effort such as that sketched above is made? It is easy to make wild estimates in such cases, but with given conditions the laws of grace are not subject to causeless variations any more than other laws. If an honest and earnest effort is made by 200,000 special workers, all striving to do their whole duty through a period of twelve months, the minimum result may be estimated at 500,000 converts, but with a probability that the actual figures will be nearer 1,000,000. Nor will this be all. A new working force will be developed, a new life will be breathed into all the activities of the Church, and the movement will gain a momentum which will project it far into the coming century.

Thus far we have said nothing of any financial offering in connection with this proposal, chiefly for the reason that the movement itself is intended to be the complement of the financial campaign now in progress; but we venture to propose one departure from the general rule. Let every one who is brought to Christ, and every one receiving special personal blessing in connection with this great effort, be asked to give as a thank-offering a special contribution, be the amount large or small, to be used exclusively in giving a knowledge of the Saviour to the Christless nations of the earth. If this privilege is put before a heart newly warmed with the love of Christ it will not only meet with a prompt and generous response, but in nine cases out of ten this first act of giving will become the basis of a permanent habit, and will thus open a channel for the outflow of love in forms of Christian giving for all the years of coming life.

A proposal of this kind will, no doubt, be received by many in a spirit of utter incredulity—to state the case mildly—but what do objectors propose to do? Are we calmly and deliberately to make up our minds to let the Church of Christ drag along her weary way through another century at a pace so slow as to be hardly perceptible? Are we to proclaim in song and sermon, year after year, that we have been solemnly commissioned to take the world for Christ, and yet shrink from every

attempt which contemplates action on a scale that is even in a slight measure worthy of such a high calling? Are our young men and women to be put to shame by the children of this world, who go forth promptly and even eagerly, at the call of the President, to wage a warfare of blood with weapons of death? Are we in earnest, or are we trifling?

Who believes for one moment that the attitude of the Church is consistent with the profound conviction that the nations are all to be brought into subjection to Jesus Christ at the earliest possible day? Every few months a paragraph goes the round of the religious papers that the growth of communicants in the evangelical Churches is more rapid than that of the general population, and many good people breathe a sigh of relief when they read the statement. But is this all that can be said? Is it enough that in a race between the children of the world and the children of God the latter are able to keep a little ahead? How long will it take to save the world if nothing better than this can be achieved? A thousand years will not suffice for the task, unless the whole body of Christian believers can be roused to a new life, inspired with a new spirit, filled with new courage, and led forward to assured victory.

The proposal so imperfectly set forth in this paper may have many defects, but no one should feel that it proposes too much. In God's name let us for once act as if we really believed in Him whose name we bear. Let us at least attempt something worthy of the commission we have received, worthy of the Gospel which we have so long proclaimed to the world, and worthy of the stupendous task which God has committed into our hands. The limited success of the past century must not be our standard for that upon which we are entering. We ought to do more, win more souls and accomplish more good work in the first decade of the new century than we have done in the last five decades of the century now closing. With God's blessing we can do it, and much more than do it, and, without a thought of shrinking back, we should bravely and trustfully address ourselves to the task.

"WHO IS LIKE UNTO THEE?"

BY AMY PARKINSON.

O Jesus, my Saviour, omnipotent Friend!
My Shield and Protector, so strong to defend;
My sheltering Shade in a sun-scorched land;
My firm-founded Rock on a perilous strand.

Bright Star in the gloom that hangs over my way;
My Guardian by night, and my Guide through the day;
Safe Covert above me when rages the gale;
Unswerving Support when my footing doth fail.

Thou Consoler in sorrow, Thou Soother of pain;
O Thou Who canst turn ev'ry loss into gain:
Thou art Strength for my weakness, for weariness Rest;
And in solitude's hours Thou art always my Guest.

Dear Jesus! blest Saviour! unchangeable Friend!
Thou wilt never forsake, but sustain to the end;
And wilt bring me to dwell, when this life shall be o'er,
In the land where are suffering and sadness no more.

Toronto.

THE CHRISTIANIZATION OF MONEY.*

BY REV. W. HARRISON.

The rapid increase of wealth among the present progressive peoples of the earth is a fact which stands broadly out in the times through which we are passing. In some of the leading nations this growth has assumed proportions of an extraordinary character, and is compelling recognition in quarters the most representative and influential. The late Mr. Gladstone, everywhere recognized as one of the highest financial authorities of the age, stated that the income of the English nation is more than five thousand million dollars a year, and that more money had been made in England and Scotland in the last century alone than from the days of Julius Caesar to the year 1800, and more money had been made from 1850 to 1870 than from 1800 to 1850. The annual savings of the country are estimated at six hundred and fifty millions of dollars.

In the United States the unprecedented expansion of the nation's money capacity has been one of the growing wonders of the times. The President of Rutger's College, Dr. M. E. Gates, from extensive and reliable data, reckons the wealth of the country at sixty billions of dollars, and the daily increase at six millions.

How far has the process of converting some fair proportion of this enormous wealth to definitely Christian objects been achieved? What are the present demands, and the prospects for the future? Taking the total wealth of the United States at sixty billions of dollars, it is in place to inquire as to what proportion of this vast wealth is now held by the members of the evangelical Churches, and to what extent this proportion is applied to purely Christian uses and ends.

Dr. Dorchester, a widely recognized authority on the special lines we are now discussing, has stated the matter as follows: "Having submitted the above inquiry to many thoughtful persons, they all agree that the share of the nation's wealth possessed by the members of the evangelical Churches may safely be estimated at their pro rata share numerically. For instance, if the communicants of these Churches in 1880 were one-fifth of the whole population of the United States, their wealth may be safely estimated at one-fifth of the total wealth of the country.

Figuring on this basis, the total pro rata wealth of the Churches named would be $12,000,000,000.

It is almost impossible to overestimate the immense influence which the money-power of the world carries within its strong and imperial grasp. To say that it constitutes one of the principal instruments by which the affairs of the age are turned is simply to state a fact which is evident to all. This agency of wealth, which holds in its hands the golden sceptre of such a wide and varied dominion, becomes increasingly powerful as the march of civilization proceeds; and, other things being equal, the people possessing this money-capacity in its largest form, carry that by which they can make themselves a felt and commanding figure among the nations of the earth. Without this universally-recognized and almost sovereign power very little of all the vast and complex machinery of the age can be worked a single day; the grand stimulus and attraction to the busy and toiling millions of the race would be removed, and one of the

* Abridged from the *Missionary Review*.

prime forces now pushing onward the material, political, social, and ever-multiplying improvements of the age would sink out of sight. The value of this one item of money in all the departments of this constantly expanding century is increasing with such marvellous rapidity that the financial condition of a people has become the index to their prosperity, and their influence and authority in the councils of the world are largely determined by it.

Financial supremacy involves responsibilities of the most influential kind; it may become a far-reaching and beneficent power, or a ruler of the most tyrannical and despotic kind. If, then, in the realm of commerce, and in all the multiplied departments of national life, the money question is such a mighty engine in the way of motive, influence, and achievement, it is surely worth while to inquire as to the moral bearings and possibilities of this universal and princely power. If the great secular enterprises of the age and all the splendid and myriad-sided machinery of this nineteenth century are bare impossibilities without the aid of gold, it is quite in place to ask as to what part God intends that this money-power of the age should take in the enlightenment and evangelization of the world.

It is safe to say that never before did the money question occupy so much of the attention and prayerful solicitude of the Christian Church as at present, and never before did the moral and religious capabilities of wealth stand out so distinctly and vividly as they do to-day. It is becoming more and more evident that the very agency which is the grand essential in all the secular movements of the world, and without which they would immediately collapse, is also one of the divinely-appointed instruments by which, in the hands of a consecrated Church, many of the great spiritual undertakings of the period are to be sustained, perpetuated and brought to their predicted and beneficent consummation. The broad outline of that plan which contemplates the capture of this world for truth and righteousness is coming into greater clearness, and the responsibilities of wealth in connection with the realization of that plan cannot now for a single moment be pushed out of sight.

Gradually the importance of money as a necessary power in the establishment, support and universal diffusion of Christian agencies has been coming to the front; and, so far as the evangelization of the millions of heathendom are concerned, all at once, or nearly so, the financial question has rushed up to an unexpected, indisputable and burning climax. This climax is the undoubted result of God's providential hand in the history of His church, a searching test and challenge of His people's sincerity, and marks a comparatively new stage in the onward march of that kingdom which is yet to win for itself a final supremacy over the mind and heart and conduct of this fallen but redeemed world.

When we state that the Christianization of earth's 1,000,000,000 of hitherto unreached pagans has been reduced largely to a matter of dollars and cents, we are but stating what is rapidly becoming the deep and powerful conviction of all branches of the Church of God. The appeals for a larger liberality, coming as they do from every quarter, and marked by such intense urgency and such a weight of sacred obligation, only confirm too well the somewhat startling statement just made. We now return to the inquiry as to the proportion of wealth now in Christian hands which is being applied to

objects of a purely religious character.

Just here it is well to recognize the fact that the grasp of Christian principle on the money power of the world was never so great as at present. It is estimated that the amount contributed annually by the Christian population of all lands for religious purposes of every kind is about two thousand millions of dollars, being an average tribute of about $1.50 for every man, woman and child on the face of the earth to-day. Probably since 1850 more money has been raised by the Protestant Churches of Christendom for purely evangelizing purposes, aside from current church expenses and local charities, than was raised for the same object in all the previous eighteen centuries.

The increase in contributions to home missions and the various local charities is just as striking. Taking the givings for all purposes of Christian benevolence during the past fifty years, it will be found that there has been a very substantial improvement in this direction, and in this increase we have but the commencement of that process which must finally result in the Christianizing of those vast treasures of wealth in which there slumber moral and spiritual possibilities of the sublimest kind. Let the demands for a larger consecration of the money ability now possessed by the Church be presented to the Christian intelligence of the age with all the force of an ever-increasing obligation, and let the issues be clearly stated, and our conviction is that the deeper fountains of generous and grateful emotion will be stirred and a new era of a more Christly appropriation of our temporal possessions will then be inaugurated.

The time for congratulation over the victories of Christian principles as they relate to the capture of the money power of the Church has not yet arrived, as the following statements will plainly show. That there is a lamentable deficiency in the givings of professing Christians is clear when we look at their comparatively insignificant contributions toward those divinely-appointed agencies which are working for the evangelization of the world. It is from this cause of an utterly inadequate appropriation of the wealth now in possession of the evangelical Churches that the highest designs of God are hindered, and the measureless blessings of the Christian redemption are being held back from the larger half of the human race to-day.

The annual expenditures of the Protestant Church members in the United States for religious purposes of every description at home are about eighty millions of dollars, while for foreign missions the amount is about four millions of dollars. While the need is from five to six hundred and fifty times greater in the heathen world, we spend twenty times as much in our own work at home. This eighty millions is expended for the Christianizing of sixty millions of people, or an average of one dollar and thirty-three cents each, while the four million dollars are expended for the spiritual welfare of eleven hundred millions of utter heathens, or one-third of a cent each. The average contribution per communicant, throughout Christendom, for the conversion of the myriads of totally unreached pagans does not amount to fifty cents each per annum. In some of the wealthy British Churches it is as low as twenty-five cents each, and the Continental Churches range from two to six cents per member—always excepting the little Moravian Church, which stands out a conspicuous example to all

the world of the splendid results which may be achieved by a willing and consecrated people.

We have now reached a stage in our investigation which enables us to arrive at an estimate of the amount contributed to definitely religious objects, both at home and abroad, by the evangelical communities in the United States for a single year.

Taking the aggregate wealth of the nation at sixty billions of dollars, and allowing that one-fifth of this amount is in the hands of evangelical Church members, and that the annual giving by this part of the population to Christian purposes of every description is something below one hundred millions of dollars, we reach the conclusion that about one per cent. of the gross total of twelve billions of dollars is about the extent of the Christian liberality of one of the most religiously progressive nations of to-day. The percentage of Church membership of the total population of the United States is larger, we think, than of any of the other great nations that can be named. We do not claim absolute correctness for our statements; but as an approximate showing of the present whereabouts of the gold power of the age in its relation to Christian influences and claims, we believe the representations here tabulated to be within sight of the facts as they now stand. From the above conclusions, it will be quite clear that the Christianization of the money ability of the professedly Protestant peoples of the century is a work only fairly begun.

The present givings, especially to the work of foreign evangelization, are out of all proportion with the urgent, burning demands of the hour. There is no lack of money—our preceding statements have placed this beyond a doubt—but there is lack of deep, intelligent conviction respecting the claims which God has upon us and ours, and an apparent unwillingness to face the dollar-and-cents question upon which there is now laid in the religious opportunities of the age the solemn emphasis of unparalleled importance, and which the providence of God is every day pushing to the front.

The main difference between the financial position of Christian and heathen peoples is explained, very largely, on theological grounds alone. But for the undoubted and now grandly historic advantages secured by the movements of Christianity among the leading nations of the world, is it probable that those nations would possess the unequalled money capacity they now enjoy? For what great cause, then, has God, through various means, poured this river of gold into the coffers of His people? Is it that they may live only in pleasure and ease, transform the world into a brilliant saloon, and abandon themselves to selfish luxury, while teeming millions of their brethren are dying for lack of knowledge and passing into an eternity for which they are ill-prepared?

The givings of the Methodist population of Canada for all Church purposes during the past eight years, as per Journals of General Conference, shows a total of eighteen and a half millions of dollars. Reckoning the Methodist population at a million, this would give a contribution for all Christian purposes of two dollars and a quarter per year for every man, woman and child sustaining any relation to the Methodist Church.

This is quite in harmony with the general conclusions of the foregoing paper, and makes it clear that there is ample room for a generous response to the Twentieth Century Thanksgiving Fund.

Bathurst, N.B.

RECENT PORTRAIT OF QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF QUEEN MARGHERITA.

BY MARIA ELISE LAUDER.

Queen of the fairest land, Margherita !
A living pearl than aught of Orient more fair,
In wealth of goodness, truth and love most rare,
Thy rule is over hearts, Margherita !

" O Rome, my country ! city of the soul !
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires ! . .
The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe ;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose sacred dust was scattered long ago ;
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now."

If Italy has "tears upon her cheek," her queen has done much to wipe them away, and to undo the wrongs of long centuries.

Her Majesty is the daughter of Victor Emmanuel's only brother, the Duke of Genoa, who died just before the war in the Crimea, and to whom the king had assigned a command in that war. The Duchess of Genoa, a German princess of the House of Saxony, retired to her Vaterland, where, in the strictest seclusion, she devoted her brilliant intellectual endowments to the education of her talented and beautiful child.

If my subject permitted, I should like to take a short detour through the romantic Saxon Switzerland, where is the second strongest fortress in Germany, on the mountain of the Konigstein.

In the mountain region of the Saxon Switzerland the duchess fixed her home. The Saxon Alps formed a part of the school-room of the young princess. Here Margherita learned to know and love nature. Here she laid the foundation of her almost inexhaustible pedestrian powers, and her passionate love for mountain scenery and mountain climbing, so that it is next to impossible to find for her tours in the Alps of Switzerland and the Tyrol, any ladies of her "entourage" strong enough to accompany her.

The Queen is endowed with the brilliant talent of the German for languages, speaking many with great fluency, and she also reads Latin and Greek. She is versed in all the great poets, and a choice pastime is the translation of something from Virgil, Horace, Homer, or some other ancient classic, chiefly after midnight, when she has withdrawn from that "fierce light" supposed to be associated with crowns and thrones.

The queen has a profoundly poetic and religious soul, as likewise a fearless and heroic. When some dangerous disease is prevalent in the hospitals of Rome, even the "plague," there you will see that bright, gentle face, and the face of Umberto. When the English governess of the young Prince of Naples fell ill, Margherita went to her, nursed her with her own hands, and remained with her till she died. Truly is she worthy to be called the mother of her people.

She is devoted to art, to music, sings well, and plays the piano, harp, and guitar. The queen has a passionate love for flowers. In this characteristic she very much resembles her late royal friend, Elizabeth of Austria, who met such a tragic ending a year ago. Margherita writes poetry very pleasing to her own people, full of the rich tintings and subtlest fragrance of Italian blooms.

I took myself alone one morning for a walk to the Esquiline Hill,

where Servius Tullius and Tarquinius Superbus lived, to spend a quiet hour in the church of San Pietro in Vincoli, which contains, it is believed, the veritable chains of the apostle. I do not propose to describe the church, but only to speak of its crowning glory, the renowned Moses, by Michael Angelo. I sat long in meditation, as I frequently did, before this wonder of art. "There is something infinite in it, a terrible and quite unapproachable sublimity." At length I left it, and was walking among the fluted Doric columns, glancing at a fresco here, or a picture, or yonder at a chapel, when suddenly Margherita entered the church, attended by a couple of her ladies, and came toward me under those superb arches. She had come to study the Moses too.

QUEEN MARGHERITA OF ITALY.

I paused by a column to salute her as she passed. She approached me and stopped, greeting me with her pretty English "good morning," and with her incomparable gesture and smile. Speaking of the grateful coolness and silence

of the church, the queen asked me if I had enjoyed a pleasant "tete-a-tete with Moses."

I replied, "most fascinating," adding that "Moses was one of my dearest and most intimate friends." The queen smiled, remarking, "It was good to have such friends." I watched her out of sight behind the columns, and now, whenever I roam in that gray old church in my dreams, I see that radiant vision of human lovableness.

Even as I finish the last sentence, this 12th of September, arrives from Rome a magnificent autographed portrait of the queen, arrayed in cloth of gold, and wearing her superb diamonds and pearls and the royal tiara, as her Majesty appeared at the marriage of her only son, the Prince of Naples. It was, indeed, to me a most delightful surprise.

The Pincian Hill is the most fashionable resort within the walls of Rome. One may imagine how pleasant it is there, even in winter, when I say that I sat there two hours on the morning of the fifteenth of February, reading the view, and a book—but the view more, and on that day I gathered wild violets there in abundance. The summit of the Pincian is laid out with a beautiful garden, with a fountain in the centre, and an Egyptian obelisk, and a circular course, around which one drives in about a couple of minutes, and then around again, and one keeps on, until the reading of the view, and the greetings and "addios" are finished.

On this hill once stood the Pincian Villa of that extravagant epicure, Lucullus, and here he entertained Cicero and Pompey. It also, afterward, belonged to the Empress Messelina, who died on this very spot. When the queen drives here, the brilliant officers salute her from all sides, sometimes a band plays, the ladies in their carriages rise to salute her Majesty as she drives past them, the pink, red, and white parasols float, the fans flutter, laughter ripples, and chat in a dozen tongues at once quite charms one's ear.

And there below is Rome! That dome is St. Peter's! The beautiful grounds of the Villa Borghese are at your feet, at the base of the hill. Margherita loves the Pincian for its brightness, its broadness of view, even to the solitary Soracte and the Alban hills, for its sun and warmth.

One day Bianca and I were walking in the park of the Villa Borghese, when the queen drove in with her ladies, and alighted to walk, as she frequently did. A little flower-girl approached the carriage and laid a bunch of violets on the queen's seat. Her Majesty saw the action, and returning with a ravishing smile, picked up the violets and fastened them in her robe.

"Oh!" cried Bianca, "La Regina e simpatica!" Yes, Bianca, mia, that is the secret of the whole thing. The queen is sympathetic. But, really, one needs to hear an Italian say "simpatica!" One discovers a new tone, a new colour and meaning in the word.

Another day we were rambling in the grounds of the Villa Doria, where the queen was driving, when she left her carriage, and went to speak to a poor woman with a child in her arms. The conversation lasted some time, when a lady was summoned to write something, probably the address of the woman, and something was put in her hand by the attendant lady.

These grounds and flower-gardens are most classically beautiful. A lovely road leads through pines and woods, past some ruins, to the lake and fountain. Oh, the azaleas and camellias of the garden! I was so happy as to have

"permesso" for the garden, and I loved to go there. From the ilex-fringed terrace in front of the villa is an unforgetable view of St. Peter's. One sees only the dome, seemingly on the ground, like a huge bee-hive, with a background of the Campagna, and those mystic

I cherish a very warm sentiment of thankfulness for the princes who own the beautifuly kept gardens and villas of Rome, who, like the Prince Borghese, and many others, so generously throw open their lovely palaces and grounds, to be freely visited by all.

NAPLES AND MOUNT VESUVIUS FROM THE ROYAL PALACE.

Sabine mountains, from whose slopes and summits come trooping a host of memories. These grounds were long centuries ago the gardens of the murdered Galba, and it is claimed his grave was here. Who knows?

Court presentations are conducted differently in Rome from in England. The courtiers are all assembled first in the Presence Chamber, where, of course, there are no seats. When all those about to be presented are arranged

in nations, the English first, then the Germans, and so on, the queen enters, salutes the assembled company, and then moves around the circle, each individual being presented separately. The sovereign frequently addresses the lady or gentleman presented.

It is nine o'clock in the evening in the Quirinal Palace. We are assembled in the Presence Chamber, to be presented to her most gracious Majesty, Queen Margherita. The brilliant lights throw into full view the beautiful toilets and jewels of the ladies; the flowers add to the general loveliness of the scene. The amiable Mistress of the Robes, the chief Lady of Honour of the queen, the Marchioness di Villamarina, and the Marquess, her husband (alas, now dead), are in attendance, arranging names and places. At last Margherita enters, followed by her ladies, who remain near the door, and salutes the company with a quite inimitable grace and dignity. The queen wore that particular shade of "grey-of-an-evening-cloud,"—you know the shade I mean. Her Majesty also wore those superb thirteen strings of pearls; diamonds and pearls adorned the front of her robe and her arms, and a diadem of pearls crowned her queenly head. I chanced to be among the first to be presented. The queen conversed some time with me in English. Her first words to me were, "And you are from Canada! That is a long journey by sea! Did you have a pleasant voyage?"

I heard the queen's fluent and faultless conversation in five modern tongues, addressing all in their "own language in which they were born." The Japanese and Russians she addressed in French, and the queen gave her hand to but one, an aged French lady, which caused quite a sensation. It was a rare display of talent, tact and kindness.

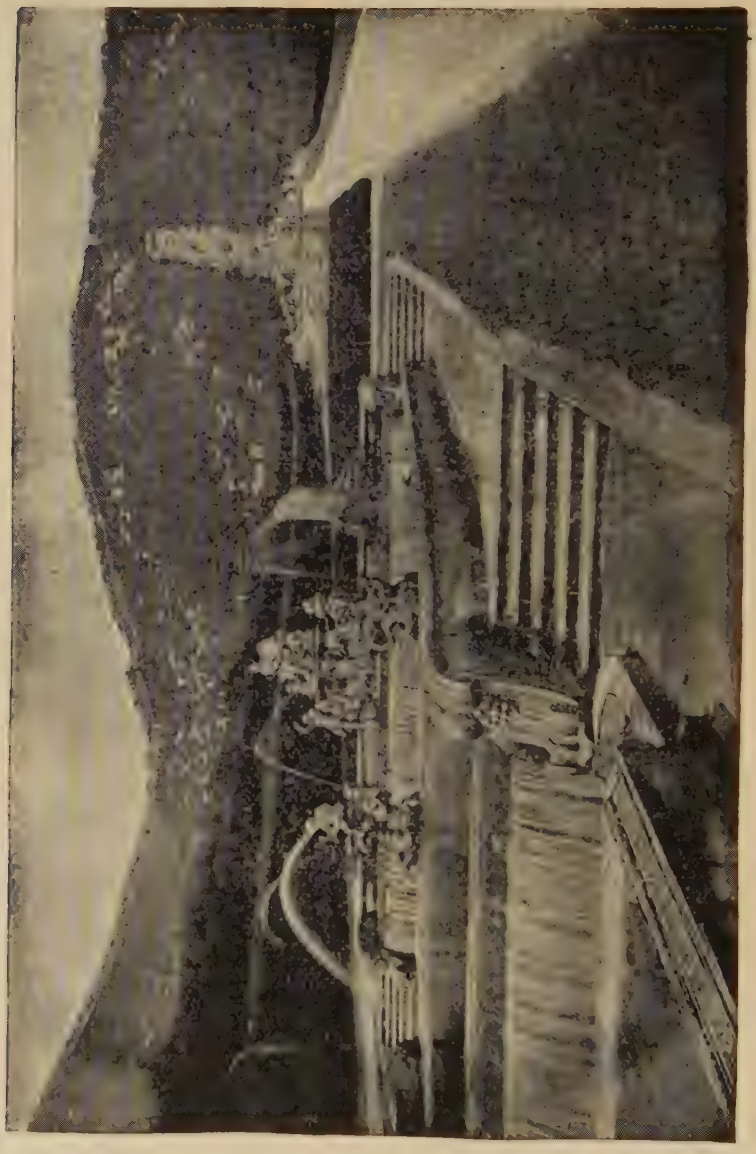
The court lasted about two hours. Then her Majesty again saluted us with queenly grace, and retired, followed by her ladies, and immediately a small army of footmen, in the royal livery, appeared, bearing great silver salvers, laden with sherbets, ices, coffee, cakes and sweets. We chatted with one another, refreshed ourselves, and parted a most happy company.

Some days after, at the royal state banquet, to which those who had been recently presented had been commanded, we awaited the entrance of their Majesties. We had time to admire the floral decorations, which were lavish and superb. It seems to me that the flowers of Italy have a richer fragrance than those of more northern latitudes. Now the great doors are thrown open, and their Majesties appear. We all rise, and the national air is played. What a scene of loyalty and splendour and beauty! But Margherita was the pearl. The royal pair approached and greeted us, the king looking so brave and good, the queen so gracious and kind. Her Majesty was in sky-blue, covered with Brussels lace, her robe and train glittering with precious stones, and diamonds adorned her neck and arms, and her beautiful head was crowned with a diadem of magnificent diamonds. All the ambassadors and ambassadresses were present. The great dining-room is a beautiful chamber, with its massive gold and silver plate. The queen likes it to be kept in total darkness, and when her Majesty's foot touches the threshold on entering, the full light bursts forth, and she is as pleased as a child at the sudden transition.

Her Majesty honoured me with a private audience at the Quirinal, and also commanded me for the

state assembly, where were assembled over eight hundred guests. All the ambassadors and their wives were present, as well as all the notabilities, not only of Rome, but of all Italy. It was a rare opportunity to study Italian society in its highest ranks and talents.

Margherita was in Naples during our stay there, and we saw her repeatedly, in the palace and elsewhere. Of the four most beautiful roads in the world, three are in Italy, one, the Corniche, or Cornice, road, is between Nice and Cannes, and two are at Naples. Of the two roads at Naples, I know



CASCADE—ROYAL PALACE OF CASERTA.

not which is the more charming. One is the way from Salerno to Amalfi, the other is from Castellamare to Sorrento. On the former is the Grotto of Posilipo, above which is the supposed tomb of Virgil, shaded by trees, and with seats for the visitor to rest. How describe that undulating coast, the ancient ruins, those emerald islands, Ischia, Procida, and Capri, with its marvellous Blue Grotto, and the ruins of the villa of a Caesar, which has been fitted up as a restaurant, where we dined sumptuously when there? How the imaginative, highly-cultivated, poetic queen revels in this luxuriant beauty of her own kingdom! How childlike and affectionate were the salutations of the Neapolitans for their queen—the "queen of daisies," they say. One day, driving on the Amalfi road to Posilipo, to visit a second time Virgil's tomb, I saw the royal livery sweeping round a curve, meeting us, and I had just time to rise in the carriage to return the gracious greetings of her Majesty. We spent a day at Pompeii, the hottest place I was ever in—not a ghost of a shade, and found that Margherita had been there the day before, to inspect the disinterment of a villa. The queen is deeply interested in the work, and keeps a keen eye on its progress.

Queen Margherita is a remarkable personality, viewed in any light. As a daughter, as a wife, as a mother, as mistress, and as queen, she is Goethe's all-sided character. What an event it was in Rome, when the Duchess of Genoa, the queen's mother, paid her visit to her daughter! How solicitous the king and queen were for the proper training of the heir to the throne. The young prince was taught that he could only buy what he could pay for. The queen's birthday was approaching, and the prince wanted to give her a string of pearls, her favourite jewel and name-stone. But, alas, his pocket-money was not at all adequate. So it was suggested by his governor that he buy one pearl, and the jeweller would put that by for him, and at the next instalment of pocket-money, another, until the string of pearls was complete.

During our stay in Naples, her Majesty graciously commanded me for a last private audience in the palace of Capodimonte, which is seated on high land, some two miles from the city. The drive is a gradual-all-the-way-up-hill. I was ushered into the presence Chamber, where I was received by the first Lady of Honour, the Marchioness de Villamarina, who conducted me to the adjoining billiard-room. The windows command ravishing views of Naples, of the Bay of Naples, and the opposite shores, Vesuvius in his awful isolation, with that dense volume of smoke—at night a lurid flame—rising against the blue heavens. The queen had breakfasted in the park, and was still there, and the marchioness and I spoke of the views over the city; then the Duchess of Pallavicini came in, a most kind, motherly person, then other court ladies. Finally the doors of the private drawing-room opened. I was led to the queen, and we were left alone. How radiant Margherita was that bright June morning, in soft grey silk—the queen is very fond of grey—and pearls, the beautiful soul looking out through that lovely pair of Mediterranean-purple-blue eyes.

The queen was deeply interested in the question of education, also in our Canadian Government, and in the scenery of Canada, in the Atlantic voyage, and in other matters. Meanwhile, Sgambati, the composer and pianist of Rome, a favourite pupil of the great maestro, Liszt, was waiting in the

billiard-room to play to the queen. I had the honour of giving her Majesty of copy of my "Legends and Tales of the Harz Mountains," which is dedicated to her, and of which I had caused a distinctly special copy to be bound for her in London. Her Majesty gave me a beautiful portrait of herself with her autograph, name of the palace and the date. The waving of stately trees, the dripping of a fountain, the perfume of rare flowers mingled themselves in this happy audience. I still hear Margherita's soft, musical voice, and see her radiant countenance, when she spoke or listened. The noble-hearted queen paid me a warm compliment, of which I felt myself quite unworthy, and which I could not possibly repeat, and I only mention it as proof of her sweet and generous spirit.

Scores of memories of that bewitching Italy crowd upon my thought. The fascination of that glamour-land abides and ever will. I ramble, in imagination, through her wondrous scenes, and the lion-hearted king and the fair Margherita move and figure in many of them. Visions of the Apollo Belvedere, the Laocoon, the Antinous, the Meleager, the Perseus, haunt my sleeping and waking hours. And the fountain of Trevi promises me a return.

"Therefore farewell, ye plains, and ye hills,
and the City Eternal!
Therefore farewell, we depart, but to behold you again."

NOTE.—Twenty miles from Naples is the royal palace of Caserta, a sort of Italian Versailles. It is an enormous structure, the southern façade being 830 feet long and 134 feet high. The most beautiful feature, however, is the splendid garden, whose fountains and cascades, leaping down from lofty terrace to terrace, almost rival those of Versailles. Italian gardening is much more formal and rectangular than the picturesque and romantic English and American style. But it is not without a stately dignity of its own, and recalls the old court-life of the ducal and royal families for whom they were made. The Boboli gardens at Florence, and those of the Villa Borghese and Doria Pamfili at Rome are fine examples.—ED.

THE DESIRE OF NATIONS.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

"And the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."—Isa. ix. 6.

Earth will go back to her lost youth,
And life grow deep and wonderful as truth,
When the wise King out of the nearing heaven comes
To break the spell of long millenniums—
To build with song again
The broken hope of men,
To hush and heroize the world,
Beneath the flag of brotherhood unfurled;
And He will come some day—
Already is His star upon the way.
He comes, O world, He comes!
But not with bugle-cry nor roll of doubling drums.

Nay, for He comes to loosen and unbind,
To build the lofty purpose in the mind,
To stir the heart's deep chord;
No rude horns parleying, no shock of shields,
Nor, as of old, the glory of the Lord,
To half-awakened shepherds in the fields,
Looking with foolish faces on the rush
Of the great splendour when the pulsing hush
Came o'er the hills, came o'er the heavens afar,
Where on their cliff of stars the watching seraphs are. . . .
He will arrive, our Counsellor and Chief,
And with bleak faces lighted up will come
The earth-worn mothers from their martyrdom,
To tell Him of their grief.
And glad girls, carolling from field and town,
Will go to meet Him with the labour crown,—
A new crown woven of the heading wheat,—
And men will sit down at His sacred feet,
And He will say, the King,
"Come, let us live the poetry we sing!"
And these His burning words will break the ban—
Words that will grow to be
On continent, on sea,
The rallying cry of man. . . .

THE CHRISTIAN SETTLEMENT AT METLAKAHTLA.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM DUNCAN,*

Metlakahtla, Alaska.

WILLIAM DUNCAN.

Since our arrival in Alaska (nearly twelve years ago) the public have learned of our work from travellers—friends or foes—who visited Alaska and saw for themselves. On this account, "by evil report, and good report," of us, it has fallen to our lot to taste, in some small degree, one of the experiences of St. Paul, the great apostle.

One of our first critics was prominently connected with a newspaper in British Columbia. At the time of his first visit he came as a passenger on a steamer which brought us freight, and, it being shortly after our arrival in Alaska, he was an eye-witness to some of the hardships we had to endure during our first winter. He saw over eight hundred of us living in little shanties—fringing the beach—with a giant forest behind us, in which we should have to fight for our new home. Before leaving us, he assured me it would be a very long time before we should have as good a place here as the one we had left in British Columbia.

After the lapse of ten years, about a year and a half ago, he reappeared in our midst. On this occasion we had a substantial wharf for him to land on when he stepped off the ocean steamer; we had about three miles of good sidewalks, eight feet broad, on which he could parade; one hundred and twenty good houses, occupied by the natives, and each built on a corner lot. Back of the little town our beautiful church, with capacity for seating eight hundred people, also a large school-building, with its twelve gables, and a town hall, with separate apartments for the town council, Sunday-school teachers, musicians, and library and reading-room. Near the beach a guest-house for strangers, and mission premises to accommodate two families and twenty boarders under training, all which attracted him.

The industrial plant next invited his attention. It consisted of a salmon cannery, employing in the salmon season upward of two hundred natives, and two steamers, which are run and engineered by natives; also, a sawmill of fifty

* Mr. Duncan has a strong aversion to personal publicity and to writing for publication in regard to the work with which he is connected. He prefers to allow the work to speak for itself—which it does most gloriously. He has written the present article in order that erroneous statements may be corrected, and that friends may know of the progress and present condition of the work.—Ed.

horse-power, managed entirely by natives, and driven by water-power conveyed in iron pipes from a lake two and a half miles away, and eight hundred feet high. In addition to these he could see several general stores and workshops for boat-building, etc., all owned and carried on by natives. The giant forest of ten years before had disappeared, and the ground was producing vegetables and small fruits.

On this gentleman's return to the steamer he frankly confessed his surprise at the changes, for he saw that we had raised a home in ten years far superior, in every way, to the one we left in British Columbia, which had taken us twenty-five years to build. The Gospel of Christ accepted has done it all, and to God be all the praise and glory.

Many Christian people have come to see us, whose sympathetic hearts have poured out, not only expressions of admiration, but praise and thanksgiving to God for all they saw and heard. Their hearty handshaking, their words of blessing, their singing with glistening eyes and hearts aglow before a crowd of natives on the wharf, their parting hymn, "God be with you till we meet again," made us all feel how real and sweet is Christian love.

Of course, our friends during their brief stay—which seldom lasts over two hours—ask many questions, some of which may be of enough general interest to enumerate, together with my answers to them.

1. "Of what denomination is your church?"

We have adopted no denominational name, but call ourselves simply "The Christian Church of Metlakahtla." The natives are taught that while they owe no exclusive allegiance to any one denomination, they are to be in union and fellowship with all evangelical Christians.

THE METLAKAHTLA SCHOOLHOUSE AND MISSION BUILDINGS.

2. "How is the mission supported?"

We work and earn, and, therefore, have no need to beg. Our industries are enough to supply ample means for church, school, medical, and other mission expenses.

3. "How many church members have you?"

All the natives, who, after a time of probation, are accepted as members of our community, and who promise obedience to the rules of our community at a sacred meeting, are counted members of our church. If they are true to our rules, they will be true Christians.

4. "Who built this beautiful church?" 5. "Who plays the organ?" 6. "Do you preach in English or in the native tongue?"

Our church was built by native labour entirely. It cost over $10,000, of which the natives subscribed about $2,000, our American and English friends about

THE METLAKAHTLA CHURCH.

Built by Indians and photograph taken by an Indian photographer.

$3,000, and we earned the remainder. We have several natives who play the organ very well, and they render their services gratuitously. Our church service is in the native tongue, with the exception of some of the singing, which is in English. The afternoon service, each Sunday, is conducted entirely by natives. I take the Sunday morning and evening service, and the week-day evening service. The concluding prayer after every evening service is offered by a native at his seat in the congregation.

7. "What was the cause of your leaving British Columbia?"

Briefly, our move was caused by our suffering until it became unendurable. The priest who stirred up the strife led the ruling officers of the Church Missionary Society into a series of blunders. When the blunders were discovered it was too late to heal the rupture which had been made. Our natives, assuming that the land on which their homes were built was their patrimony, as it had been in the possession of their forefathers from time immemorial, appealed to the Government of Canada. The Premier of Canada invoked the law of British Columbia to aid them, but, to their amazement, they were told that "they had no rights in the land, except such as might be accorded them by the bounty or charity of the Queen of England."

When this law was interpreted to them, our people could no longer rest peacefully in British Columbia. Only two courses were open to them—either to fight for their rights, or seek a new home. At a mass-meeting both courses were discussed, and the peace party prevailed. I was then deputed to visit Washington, D.C., on their behalf, and to ascertain whether our move would be sanctioned by the United States authorities. It was sanctioned, and though no promises were made, I was given to understand that if our people moved into Alaska, Congress would take action securing them suitable land for a home. This was subsequently done. Our move, however, was a fearful blow to our material interests. Our houses, all our industrial plant—cannery, sawmill, brickyard, workshops—and the beautiful church we had built (not with any of the Church Missionary Society's money), were confiscated in order to force us to remain. We calculate that $50,-

000 worth of actual property, besides all the improvements in roads and gardens we had made, were taken from us.

8. "Who owns all the property you have built up?" 9. "Are you working under the co-operative plan, or do you pay wages?"

The object in view by these industries is, first, to find profitable employment for the people; second, to teach them to manage business affairs, and, third, to ultimately make them proprietors of the whole industrial plant for the perpetual maintenance of the mission work, thus rendering them independent of charitable aid. We do not work under any co-operative system, but on general business principles. We pay workmen the wages they individually earn, and according to the value of the work they can do, ranging from $1.25 to $2.25 a day for men, and boys in proportion to their usefulness.

When, in 1887, we left British Columbia for Alaska, my own means, so much reduced by the losses we had sustained, were not sufficient to recommence our business concerns on the scale I wished. Some kind American friends came to my aid at once, and subsequently a stock company was incorporated, and about $11,000 subscribed. A number of our natives (workmen) also bought stock in the company amounting in all to $2,460. With this money, and my own, we have built up our present business enterprises, which have been so blessed and prospered that I am able to see my way for refunding, both to our friends and the natives, the full amount of their shares. This done, we shall then hand over to the community, under proper restrictions, the cash balance, and all the plant and stock in trade. I am anxious to have the transfer legally and securely made while I have strength left me to superintend their initiation into the executive duties and the bookkeeping involved.

THE METLAKAHTLA INDIAN BAND.

10. "What will become of these natives when you leave them or die?"

Although we cannot foretell the future of Metlakahtla, yet we are justified, from past experience, in both hoping and believing that God will continue His care over it. In the meantime we have not overlooked the work of providing, as best we can, for the emergency. We have already a native organ-

ization, instituted many years ago, for the good government of the community, consisting of a body of elders, twenty in number, who look after the spiritual affairs of the church, and a council, also twenty in number, who attend to the civil affairs of the town. These officers are elected yearly by the votes of the people, and are steadily growing in influence and usefulness. As to our pecuniary affairs, I have already stated that our industrial plant, with God's blessing, is ample for supplying the means for supporting the mission workers, and all necessary expenses connected with church, school, and hospital.

WILLIAM DUNCAN'S WORK ON ANNETTE ISLAND, ALASKA.

BY REV. EDWARD MARSDEN,*

Annette Island is situated about forty miles north of the southern extremity of south-eastern Alaska. It is about twenty miles in length, with an average width of five. The island has a very irregular shape. On the west side is a peninsula, and on this peninsula, near the mainland, is located the town of Metlakahtla.

In Alaska one sees almost nothing but high mountains. Even the small islands, like that on which Metlakahtla is situated, are not an exception. It has a range of high mountains, and from it flow rapid and picturesque streams. These majestic mountains that tower up to heaven help to make the natives of Alaska religious and patriotic.

The natural wealth of Annette Island consists of spruce, hemlock, yellow and red cedar trees; an abundance of salmon and of a few minerals. Many miners have been attracted to the island by the discovery of gold and silver, and they have threatened the prosperity and peace of Metlakahtla. Their real object in coming is to do injury to the community that has been to them, and other ungodly men, a constant thorn in the flesh. There is hardly anything to be said of agriculture, although we find in Metlakahtla a few gardens of potatoes and other vegetables.

It was in 1887 that the people of Metlakahtla, under the leadership of Mr. William Duncan, migrated from the old Metlakahtla, British Columbia, for the sake of civil and religious liberty, and settled on this island. I was there at the time, and was one of the very first to arrive at the newly-selected settlement. New Metlakahtla has grown in spite of obstacles and discouragements. With Mr. Duncan at its head, and a corps of level-headed and trustworthy native advisers around him, the settlement has become the centre of Christian and business activity in all this region.

Metlakahtla has a population of about a thousand people, and this consists principally of the Tsimpshean. The only white people in the community are the missionary and his assistants. The language

* Mr. Marsden is a native of old Metlakahtla, British Columbia, having been born there in 1869. His father and mother were converted through Mr. Duncan. After having been graduated from Marietta College, Ohio, and Lane Theological Seminary, Edward Marsden returned to new Metlakahtla for a time. He is now working under the Presbyterian Board at Saxman, Alaska.

For the text in this, and cuts and text in preceding article, we are indebted to the *Missionary Review of the World.*—Ed.

used is the Tsimpshean, but a large proportion of the natives can express themselves in English.

Imagine that we start from the steamship landing and walk through the town. The first group of buildings that we see is the salmon cannery. This is one of the main sources of living for the settlement. The cannery is owned partly by Mr. Duncan and eastern capitalists, and partly by natives. It has a capacity of about 20,000 cases of packed salmon in one summer, and it gives employment to not less than a hundred people. This is a paying enterprise, and the skill with which it is managed speaks highly for Mr. Duncan and the community.

A little farther up from the landing is the band-stand, made from a large tree cut down to within twenty-five feet from the ground, and upon which a circular platform has been built. When a steamship, with hundreds of tourists from the States, calls at Metlakahtla, the band often greets them with melodious music.

Walking on, we step into the store and post-office. It is surprising to see the size of the mail bags that are delivered here once in two weeks. After looking around in the busy store, we follow a street leading to the sawmill on the east-end. We hear the buzz of the saw and the sound of the planer. We notice the activity of the men at work. They are all natives, and are so trained that they perform all their work well. This mill has a capacity of 15,000 feet of sawed and planed lumber per day. It is run by water power, taken from the lake on a mountain three miles away. This same lake furnishes the town with fresh water. The mill is owned by the same company as that which owns the cannery and store.

We turn back and walk on up to the church. We cannot but think that the large structure before us must have cost much labour and money. We enter it, and we notice at once the simplicity of its ceremonies, the sublime Christian ideals for which it stands, and the unchangeable truth for which it is dedicated.

The church has an ordinary capacity of seating 1,500 people, and much more if occasion should demand it. It is heated by hot water and lighted with oil. The carpet is an American make. The whole structure is simple and of highly-trained workmanship. It was built in 1895, and dedicated on the first of January, 1897.

We next visit the school buildings. The teachers are all natives. Then we come to the industrial shops and stores of the town itself. These are owned by the natives, and the way in which they conduct them shows that they are thrifty and honest in their dealings. The goods they handle are of American manufacture. The natives make all kinds of house furniture, boats of different dimensions, and such things. We find also in the community photographic galleries, shoe-repairing shops, restaurants, music rooms, and so forth.

One can always estimate the life of a people by their homes. We enter one of these, and are at once cordially greeted and comfortably seated. Our eyes meet with the pleasing arrangement of the household furniture, the position of the Bible on the table, the pretty pictures on the walls. Although these homes are very humble, lacking many of the elegancies and adornments of eastern homes, we find in them peace, joy, love and the light of God.

Let us now turn to Mr. Duncan's own cottage. It is plain and homelike. We are warmly greeted by the owner, a man well advanced in years. We see his

office books, papers, delicate instruments, medicines, tools, shovels, pickaxes, and a host of other things.

Mr. Duncan's history has often been told. Although he has been independent in his methods, firm if not stern in his instructions, yet he has commanded the respect of those to whom he has devoted his whole life. Mr. Duncan has been among my people as a leader, adviser, business manager, organizer, a preacher, and a fearless prophet. Many differ from him in some important principles, but we all agree that by God's direction he has accomplished a wonderful work. His monument should be one of the most conspicuous among those dedicated to missionary heroes.

Let us glance for a moment at the various departments of administration in the town. This settlement has a board of councilmen, elected by popular vote every year. The improvements, plans, and general directions are committed to this board. With Mr. Duncan's help it has guided the Metlakahtla people through many dangerous troubles and held the people together as a true family. It is composed of the very leading men of the place, and they are all men of much experience.

Metlakahtla has also a vigilance company. This is for the promotion of peace and order in the community, and its services are invaluable. It has many a time warded off the curse of intemperance from the locality.

Next comes the fire brigade. Once, in 1893, the west end of the town, which consisted of some forty houses, was destroyed by fire.

Since then the place has been threatened again, so that this organization has been found very useful.

In matters of legal cases and civil and criminal offences, the United States Commissioner at Fort Wrangel has sole jurisdiction. The Government has also two native policemen appointed for this place.

Metlakahtla has an independent church organization and government. The whole town is a Christian Church. They elect a body of elders every year to look after the religious welfare of the people. Mr. Duncan, of course, is at the head of it all. Without stating their beliefs and ceremonies, suffice it to say that they declare and profess to stand on no other ground than the Bible as we have it in the English language.

In the church we find the Sabbath-school, the bands for philanthropic and other charitable works, the teachers' Bible-classes, and other associations for religious purposes.

If we go from Metlakahtla to other places where there is no Gospel, we shall be convinced that it pays to send the blessed news to the distant regions of the world.

A GREAT MAN.

That man is great, and he alone,
Who serves a greatness not his own,
For neither praise nor pelf;
Content to know and be unknown,
Whole in himself.

Strong is that man, he only strong,
To whose well-ordered will belong,
For service and delight,
All powers that in the face of wrong
Establish right.

And free is he, and only he,
Who, from his tyrant passions free,
By fortune undismayed,
Has power within himself to be
By self obeyed.

If such a man there be, where'er
Beneath the sun and moon he fare,
He cannot fare amiss;
Great nature hath him in her care,
Her cause is his.

—*Owen Meredith.*

A BATTLE BETWEEN THE PIGMIES AND THE GIANTS.*

BY PROFESSOR H. W. CONN, PH.D.,

Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

During the thirty years which have been occupied in the study of the germ diseases a great change has come over the notion of scientists in regard to the relation of mankind to these microscopic foes. When it was first recognized that bacteria possess the power of invading the human body, multiplying in it, and there producing wild devastation, it threw open to our imagination an entirely new set of possibilities. It has been abundantly demonstrated that many of our most serious diseases are produced by the invasion into the body of microscopic hosts, and by their multiplication there. Their numbers are beyond conception, and their powers of reproduction are scarcely credible; so great, indeed, are the latter that in many cases a single individual may produce sixteen million offspring in twenty-four hours.

At first it seemed as if man were almost entirely at their mercy, and it was hard to understand why he had not long since been exterminated by the ravages of these microscopic foes. They are everywhere around us, and it seems almost impossible, from "a priori" grounds, that any individual could avoid becoming infected with bacteria. But, evidently, we are not so helpless, after all. Mankind still continues to exist in increasing numbers, and, we fondly believe, with increasing rather than decreasing vigour. The conflict is raging, not only when an individual is actually suffering from disease, but long before any symptoms of the disease have made their appearance. Evidently there must be some factors, in the relation of man and his microscopic foes, which give him power in many cases to meet their attacks and successfully repel them. It is our purpose in the present article to inquire as to the nature of these factors of resistance.

It may not be uninstructive to picture this conflict as that of an army of pigmies attacking a giant in his castle. In an assault upon such a fortified castle the first step must plainly be to bring the attacking army within striking distance of the castle. So, too, must our bacterial foes find means of reaching the individual to be attacked. But bacteria have no powers of locomotion sufficient for this purpose. It is true that some of them have active locomotive organs, and when in liquids can distribute themselves far and wide. Their powers of active motion are, however, confined to liquids. They have no power of motion in air or on the land; and, inasmuch as mankind lives in the air and on the land, these foes have no active means by which they can bring themselves into contact with the individual they are to attack. In most cases the source of the disease bacteria is an individual who is suffering from some special disease. If a man has typhoid fever, or tuberculosis,

* The following explanation of the germ theory of disease, which we abridge from the July-August number of the *Methodist Review*, is the best popular account we have seen of the conflict between the bacterial foes of life and the antitoxic forces of nature.—Ed.

or diphtheria, or any other of the so-called germ diseases, he becomes at once a source from which countless myriads of these specific micro-organisms are eliminated and from which they may be distributed. But for such distribution the micro-organisms must depend upon various indirect means. Some of them are brought to the new individual by simple contact, the nursing of a patient by a healthy person furnishing a means by which the bacteria may be directly transferred to the new host. Others, falling on the ground, get swept into a well, a brook, or even into a city reservoir, and thence their distribution to the individuals drinking of the water is simple enough. Others get into the milk-can, through various sources of uncleanness on the part of the milk producer, and then are peddled to the neighbouring community. Most bacteria, again, are capable of being dried without injury, and after drying they become mixed with dust which may blow to and fro with the winds. The dust of the city is thus a prolific means for the distribution of the hosts of bacteria which are infecting its inhabitants.

By some such means as these is taken the first step in the battle between the micro-organism and the individual. The invading foe has reached the castle wall, and is ready for the direct attack. These microscopic foes, however, find the human organism no unguarded castle, but one surrounded with many protections. There are bulwarks which must be passed, walls which must be scaled, or in which the attacking army must find breaches, in order to come into actual conflict with the inhabitant. The bacteria have no means of breaking down this wall, and their only hope of entering is by finding some weak place in the fortification. As an outer defence the body is completely covered with skin, and the external layer is nearly a perfect protection against the invasion of microscopic organisms. In rare cases it is possible that these micro-organisms may find their way through this epidermis, either by means of the openings for the sweat glands or through the hair follicles. But such instances are rare.

The same may be said, though perhaps with somewhat less emphasis, of the lining of the mouth, the nasal cavities, and the lungs. The mucous membrane which lines these cavities has also an epidermal covering that is ordinarily sufficient to prevent the passage of the bacteria into the body. If this is whole and healthy the micro-organisms attack it in vain. They may exist in these cavities for a long time, entirely harmless. The mouth, indeed, at all times contains bacteria in abundance, and the disease germs themselves apparently are frequent visitors; but commonly they fail to pass further. But here, again, under exceptional circumstances, some kinds of these invading hosts are perhaps capable of passing through even the uninjured membrane.

Nor are the invaders much more dangerous if they chance to be swallowed, for a similar resistance is found in the stomach and other parts of the alimentary canal. The bacteria which reach the stomach must first run the gauntlet of the digestive juices in this cavity. The gastric juice of a healthy individual always contains a certain amount of acid, and many of the invading foes are either killed by a small quantity of this acid, or so weakened by it that they are rendered innocuous. Throughout the stomach and intestine, too, they find their entrance into the body checked by a protective mucous

membrane similar to that in the mouth and throat. The epithelial covering of the mucous membrane of the intestines, it is true, does not appear to be as thorough a protection against these invading hosts as is the epithelial covering of the skin. It is one of the essential properties of the intestinal walls to absorb material from the alimentary canal, since in this way only does the human body obtain nutriment from its food. There is reason for thinking it may also, to a certain extent, absorb these invading micro-organisms. But in spite of this the absorption is not a ready one, and the invading organisms meet resistance even in the intestines which, although less than that in the mouth, is frequently too great for them to overcome.

Our giant is thus living within a castle surrounded by a high protective wall sufficient in most cases to exclude invaders. Many an attack of bacterial foes is rendered fruitless by this wall. Hostile bacteria, though brought in contact with it, are unable to pass, soon give up the attack, and die from lack of proper conditions for their continued life. We must not forget, however, that there are some species of bacteria which apparently do not need to actually pass this protective wall to produce trouble. But, while there are such instances, most species of injurious bacteria must pass through the outer protections before they can directly injure the body.

But we can readily understand that this protective wall may not always be an impervious one. Various accidents may happen to break it down in one place or another. A cut, a bruise, or an abrasion of the skin which breaks the epithelium, a scratch, a sore in the mouth, or cavities in decayed teeth may expose to attack the more delicate underlying tissues, and thus be large factors in this battle with microscopic hosts. Such breaks frequently constitute a breach in the wall through which the invaders make entrance.

We can easily understand, too, how various slight ailments—such as those connected with a so-called "cold" which give rise to inflammation at various places in the lining of the mouth, throat, or lungs—will thus produce points of lessened resistance and assist the invading hosts in finding entrance into the organism. We can readily comprehend, for these reasons, why it is so common for a cold or a cough to turn into consumption. There is no connection between the cold and the consumption, but the cold has produced places of lessened resistance to invasion in the epithelial lining of the throat and the lungs, and here the bacterial foes which are in the mouth, trying to find entrance, may pass into the body. The inflammatory condition produced by the cold has thus broken down the outer line of fortification.

It is not, however, a matter of indifference where the invading organism thus finds entrance. Some species of bacteria, it is true, are nearly indifferent in this respect. The most deadly of all human enemies, the "tuberculosis bacillus," apparently is able to thrive almost anywhere in the body. It may attack a gland and produce scrofula; it may attack the kidneys or the joints, producing well-known diseases of those organs; or it may attack the lungs and produce consumption. Here is an organism which can thrive well enough wherever it finds foothold. But the same cannot be said of most of our microscopic foes. Some are capable of living only in certain places. The diphtheria germs appear to be capable of growing only when they suc-

ceed in attaching themselves upon certain of the soft, moist surfaces of the body, such as those of the throat or tonsils, or the moist membrane that covers the eyes. If thus each species of attacking foe must find, not only a favourable point for entrance, but also a point in some particular part of the body, the chance that any of the microscopic organisms may get an opportunity of making a successful attack upon the body of a man is somewhat reduced.

But even after the bacteria have succeeded in passing these outer ramparts, the battle is not yet over. On the other hand, it is now that the actual conflict between the powers of the body and these microscopic invaders begins. After they have found entrance into the body the bacteria have arrayed against them strong resisting forces of the human organism, endeavouring to destroy and expel them. At this point, however, we find our comparison of an attack upon a castle a little faulty; success on the part of the invaders is not necessarily a matter of numbers. The bacteria are struggling simply to get a foothold within the body, where they can feed and grow. A few are perhaps entirely sufficient to seize this foothold; for these by multiplication may soon become indefinitely numerous, and shortly be abundant enough to take possession of the whole castle. To protect itself, therefore, the human body must destroy every individual bacterium or render all incapable of growth. Their marvellous reproductive power gives the bacteria their advantage in the battle.

On the other hand, it takes time even for these rapidly multiplying beings to become sufficiently numerous to do injury. There is thus an interval, after the penetration of the castle wall, when the invaders are weak in numbers. During this interval the inhabitant of the castle may hope to expel them. In this endeavour to exterminate the bacteria the resisting powers of the body are engaged. We do not as yet thoroughly understand the forces which the human organism is able to array against these invading foes. Some of its methods of defence, however, are already intelligible to us, and we know enough, at all events, to give us an idea of the intensity of the conflict that is going on and of the powerful forces which the human organism is able to bring against its invading enemies.

Of the thousands of different kinds of bacteria known to scientists to-day the majority of species are utterly unable to grow in the body, even if they should find entrance. Living human flesh and blood in some way exerts a repressing influence which is utterly fatal to the growth of a vast majority of species. Some few species, however, are not thus destroyed by the hostile agencies of the tissues of the animal, but are capable of growing and multiplying even in the living body. These we call "pathogenic" or "disease" germs, since, after they have thus become numerous, they projuce a series of injurious effects in the body which result in disease. The number of species of bacteria, however, which can thus become a menace in the human body is really very small, a score or two only, according to our present knowledge, being capable of multiplying in the body. It is evident from these facts that the conditions existing in the tissues of man are hostile to the growth of most bacteria, and it is doubtless these same influences which are the controlling factors in this struggle between the human individual and all invading bacteria, whether harmless or not.

What are the forces, then, ar-

rayed against these invaders? The essential nature of the battle appears to be a production of poisons and counter-poisons. There is no question that there are many factors concerned in the matter. The temperature of the body may have its influence, for some of the invading organisms are found to be able to grow only under certain conditions of temperature, and the temperature of the body of man is not appropriate to their life. But the last few years have shown us one factor of primary importance standing forth prominently, ahead of all others. It appears as an undoubted fact that the first steps in repelling these foes are to flood them with certain poisonous products which check their growth. In the blood and lymph of man there are present certain products which have a direct deleterious influence upon the growth of micro-organisms. Of their repressing influence upon bacterial growth we are sure. They have been named "alexins," and they are produced by the living tissue of man, although as to their nature and method of production we are in almost dense ignorance.

It is a fact beyond question that such alexins constitute the first method of defence possessed by the body against the invasion of micro-organisms, since they act as antiseptics, and common bacteria can no more grow in the living body tissues than they could in a solution containing other poisons. The great host of species found in water, milk, air, or the food, which live in the mouth, cling to the skin, and are almost omnipresent in nature, though capable of growing readily in ordinary lifeless, organic foods, are at once checked in their growth by the presence of these antiseptic agents which the living tissues pour upon them. They are not, therefore, pathogenic germs, are never able to produce any injury in the body, and are not sources of trouble to human health.

But there are, on the other hand, a few species of bacteria which may be able to retain their lodgment in the body, in spite of this attempt of the individual to get rid of them. These species constitute the pathogenic species, the so-called "disease germs." But how do they overcome the poisons which kill other bacteria? Even these species are attacked with equal vigour after entering the body, and in many a case the resistance of the body by means of its alexins is sufficient to render their invasion harmless. They, as well as the harmless forms, find the body poisons injurious to their growth.

But the pathogenic species of bacteria are in some way capable of counteracting the action of the poisons thrown upon them. Apparently they are able to overcome the ordinary alexins of the body by reason of a power they possess of producing other products which serve to neutralize the latter, thus annulling their action. These few species of bacteria, when they get into the body, give rise at once to certain products which the bacteriologist has called "lysins." These lysins are as mysterious as the alexins, but they neutralize the effect of the alexins, and thus overcome the resistance that the body offers to bacterial growth. The invaders can now multiply rapidly enough to get a foothold in the body, and perhaps soon produce the abnormal symptoms which we call disease. Pathogenic bacteria, then, differ from the nonpathogenic bacteria primarily in this power of secreting products which can neutralize the ordinary effects of the alexins and thus overcome the resistance of the body.

The first opposition in the actual battle between the body and the invading bacteria is, then, through the agency of these poisonous chemical products which the body is producing at all times. Ordinarily, the human body is victor at once, since the bacteria are unable to grow, soon die, and are eliminated. This is very commonly true, even of the distinctively pathogenic bacteria, since very frequently they are so impeded in their growth as to disappear. In other cases the invading hosts overcome the resistance of the body alexins. But even if this occurs the battle is not yet over, for the individual has another method of defence which is now brought into activity to check the growth of the invading organisms.

This second method of resistance is by a series of active cells found in the blood, known as "white blood corpuscles." These corpuscles are minute, active, protoplasmic bodies, present in the blood and lymph of man in great quantities. They are capable of active locomotion, and have the power of taking into their bodies small solid objects with which they come in contact. One of the duties of these corpuscles is thus to engulf minute irritating bodies which may be in the tissues and to carry them away, so acting as scavengers. They very commonly collect in great numbers in the region of the invading bacteria—which appear to exert a strong attraction for them—and, leaving the blood vessels, they sometimes form a solid phalanx, completely surrounding the invading germs. Their collection at these points of attack may make itself seen externally in the phenomenon we call "inflammation."

There appears to be no question that the corpuscles under these circumstances actually engage in a conflict with the invading pathogenic germs, although there has been many a question and a deal of dispute as to how they carry on this conflict. It has been held by some that they do so by actually swallowing the invading bacteria, digesting them, and thus, of course, destroying them, in exactly the same way that a small animal feeds upon and digests food—a process which has been called "phagocytosis." If this be true, the contest is between the powers of multiplication of the bacteria and the feeding power of these phagocyte cells.

There are, however, many objections to this particular phase of the theory, and it seems to be far more probable that the white blood corpuscles in question do battle with the invading hosts in an entirely different way, and by a method which is again a chemical one. These cells, when they collect in these quantities around the invading hosts, rather appear to secrete from their own bodies certain injurious products which act upon the invading organisms much in the same way as the alexins already mentioned. Such secretions have a decidedly injurious effect upon the multiplying bacteria, rapidly check their growth, and, acting in union with the alexins, may perhaps entirely destroy them.

After the bacteria are thus killed the white blood corpuscles may load themselves with their dead bodies and carry them away. Sometimes they pass back into the blood stream and carry the bacteria to various parts of the body for elimination. Not infrequently many of the white corpuscles die in the contest, and then may accumulate in the form of pus, which makes its way through the skin to be discharged to the surface directly. Thus the white blood corpuscles or pha-

gocytes are like a company of soldiers which form a castle guard. Their duty is to collect at the points of attack and do battle with such invaders as get a foothold within the walls. The battle goes on between the phagocytes and the invading hosts merrily and vigorously; and if, in the end, the white corpuscles prove too strong for the invaders, the bacteria are gradually all destroyed, and the attack is repelled.

In other cases the bacteria prove to be too powerful for the phagocytes. They may multiply too rapidly for them, and sometimes the bacterial excretions drive the white corpuscles away. When very vigorous and very deadly bacteria invade the body the secretions produced by them are so powerful that, instead of attracting the white corpuscles to their vicinity, they actually drive them off. Under these circumstances the invading hosts multiply unimpeded and distribute themselves over the body, and disease rapidly follows.

Up to this point the battle between the body and the invading bacteria has been one that is wholly unconscious on the part of the individual. Possibly there may have been a slight inflammation in certain parts of the body, but this is the only external symptom to be seen. But in spite of the fact that the matter is beyond the realm of consciousness, the battle is none the less vigorous. During our life we are all thus fighting our battles with invading bacteria. In a majority of cases the attacking host is driven off by one or another method of defence, but once in a while all means of defence are insufficient. The bacteria which get into the body may neutralize the effect of the alexins, overcome the attack of the white blood corpuscles, and drive them away; and then, securing a strong foothold, they begin to grow and multiply. Then for the first time the individual becomes conscious of the onset of the disease itself.

Where the body alexins come from we can only imagine, but beyond question they are the result of the activities of the body tissues. Some of the body cells, or all of them perhaps, are doubtless engaged in this process of filling the body with these protective compounds. It is evident, therefore, that one's general health will be an extremely important factor in the settling of this battle between the individual and the invading host. Robust health, with a body whose powers are strong, well nourished, and vigorous, will plainly furnish conditions for producing these normal alexins in greatest quantity. One whose bodily activities are weakened by poor nutrition, or by other injurious influences, can offer less resistance to bacterial invaders. Strength and vigour will surely be primary factors in the struggle. This is exactly in accordance with the experience of the world that vigorous health, good nutrition, and an active condition of the organism are the best possible safeguards against invasion of all kinds.

Here, too, we find an explanation of the occurrence, so commonly realized by physicians, of what are frequently called secondary complications. It is a common thing for an individual to be suffering from the attack of two, or perhaps three, different kinds of micro-organisms at once. Influenza may be followed by pneumonia; scarlet fever may be followed by diphtheria. Complications, or secondary diseases, are frequently caused by the invasion of different kinds of bacteria at the same time, or closely following each other. The second disease has no relation to the first, but

follows it simply because the attack of the first micro-organism has weakened the resisting powers of the body.

But the most severe battle between these pigmies and the giant comes later still. In spite of all these means of defence it frequently happens that the invading foe overcomes all resistance, holds its foothold in the body, and begins to multiply rapidly. Growing and multiplying as these bacteria now do, they secrete their own poisonous products in quantity, and these now begin to poison the individual attacked. Manifest signs of the poisoning appear and form the early symptoms of the disease. As the bacteria continue to increase, their poisonous effects become greater and the disease increases in severity. More and more severe becomes the poisoning, until a crisis is reached. The castle is held by the invading foe.

But, meantime, a new set of resisting forces is developing in the body to drive out the bacteria which have thus taken possession. Although weakened by the poisoning and suffering from the disease, the body does not yet yield the battle, but somewhat slowly organizes a new attack upon the invaders. For a time the foes have an almost unimpeded course and grow rapidly. But after a little—the length of time varying with the disease—their further increase is checked, their vigour is impaired. and the disease ceases to extend. After this they rapidly diminish in numbers, and finally, unless death meantime results, they are all exterminated or driven out by the recuperative defensive powers.

That the body can thus call into activity another reserve force of resistance is clear enough. The very fact that recovery from a germ disease may take place proves it. Were there not some such reserve power of resistance the invading bacteria would always continue to grow until they produced fatal results from their poisons. Many times, it is true, the fatal result does occur, the resisting power of the body being insufficient to drive out the invaders. But even in these cases the body makes an heroic struggle, and the problem as to which of the two combating forces is the stronger may be long in doubt. Will the final resisting powers of the body drive out the invaders, or will the bacteria prove the more vigorous ? This is the question which will decide recovery or death. An heroic resistance is at all events offered, and, as in all close contests, an incident may turn the tide of victory. To guide these incidents is the physician's chief duty in treating a germ disease. Either the bacteria must be driven out or rendered harmless, or the individual must die. If the battle is won it must be by the powers of the body's resistance. The physician must as a rule use his skill, not in destroying the bacteria, but in stimulating the body to fight its own battle with its foes.

Of the nature of this last means of defence we are still in the dark. In some cases the body produces by its cell activities counter-poisons which neutralize the effect of the bacterial poisons (antitoxins), and, after this, no longer weakened by the poisoning effects of the bacterial growth, it is able to expel the invaders. In some cases the body apparently secretes around the bacteria a sort of inclosing capsule, which prevents their further distribution and holds them in check. But upon this matter, at best, our knowledge is meagre. We see the signs of the conflict, we realize its intensity, and we know its results. The future will tell how the battle is fought, and may thus show how

we may intelligently aid these subconscious forces in the winning of victory.

Such, in brief, is the everyday battle of the pigmies and the giant, carried on without our volition, or even our consciousness. The human body is not helpless in the presence of its foes, in spite of their extraordinary power of multiplication. To aid it in carrying on this contest the best assistance we can give is to furnish conditions for health and vigour. Sanitation may enable us to avoid some of the attacks, but, after all, our reliance must be upon our own vital resisting powers. Good nutrition and bodily activity furnish the elements of victory. We must remember that a germ disease is a battle, from the moment when the first bacterium enters the body until the last one is expelled, and if recovery takes place it will be from the power the body has of driving off its foes by its own powers of resistance, and not by driving away the invaders by the use of drugs.

THE HOUSE-TOP SAINT.

"Yes, yes, sonny, I's mighty fo'handed, and no ways like poor white trash, nor yet like any of dese onsanctified col'd folks dat grab deir liberty like a dog grabs a bone—no thanks to nobody!"

Thus the sable, queenly Sibyl McIvor ended a long boast of her prosperity since she had become her own mistress, to a young teacher from the North, as she was arranging his snowy linen in his trunk.

"I'm truly glad to hear of all this comfort and plenty, Sibyl; but I hope your treasures are not all laid up on earth. I hope you are a Christian?" asked the young stranger.

Sibyl put up her great hands, and straightened and elevated the horns of her gay turban; and then, planting them on her capacious hips, she looked the beardless youth in the eye and exclaimed with a sarcastic smile, "You hope I'm a Christian, do you? Why, sonny, I was a 'spectable sort of a Christian afore your mammy was born, I reckons! But for dese last twenty-five years, I'se done been a mighty powerful one—one o' de kind dat makes Satin shake in his hoofs—I is one of de house-top saints, sonny!"

"House-top saints? what kind of saints are those?" asked the young Northerner.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sibyl; "I thought like's not you never even heerd tell on 'em, up your way. Dey's mighty scarce anywhar; but de Lor's got one on 'em, to any rate, in dis place and on dis plantation!" replied Sibyl, triumphantly.

"And that is you?"

"Yes, sonny, dat is me!"

"Then tell me what you mean by being a house-top saint?"

"Well, I means dat I's been t'rough all the stories o' my Father's house on arth, from de cellar up; and now I's fairly on de ruff—yes, on de very ridge-pole; and dere I sits and sings and shouts and sees heaven—like you never see it t'rough de clouds down yere."

"How did you get there, auntie?"

"How does you get from de cellar to de parlour, and from de parlour to de chamber, and from de chamber to de ruff? Why, de builder has put sta'rs thar, and you sees 'em and puts your feet on 'em and mounts, ha?"

"But there are the same stairs in our Father's house for all His children, as for you; yet you say house-top saints are very scarce?"

"Sartin, sonny. Sta'rs don't get people up, 'less dey mounts 'em. If dere was a million o' sta'rs leadin' up to glory, it wouldn't help dem dat sits down at de bottom and howls and mourns how helpless dey is! Brudder Adam, dere, dat's a blackin' of your boots, he's de husban' o' *my* bussum, and yet he's nothin' but only a poor, down-cellar 'sciple, sittin' in de dark, and whinin' and lamentin' 'cause he ain't up-stairs! I says to him, says I, 'Brudder'—I's allus called him Brudder since he was born into de kingdom—'why don't you come up into de light?'

"'Oh,' says he, 'Sibby, I's too onworthy; I don't desarve de light dat God has made for de holy ones.'

"'Phoo,' says I, 'Brudder Adam! Don't you 'member,' says I, 'when our massa done married de gov'ness, arter old missus's death? Miss Alice, she was as poor as an unfeathered chicken; but did she

go down cellar and sit 'mong de po'k barrl's and de trash 'cause she was poor and wasn't worthy to live up sta'rs? Not she! She tuk her place at de head o' de table, and w'ar all de lacery and jewelry massa gib her, and hold up her head high, like she was sayin', I's no more poor gov'-ness, teachin' Col'n McIvor's chil'n; but I's de Col'n's b'loved wife, and I stan's for de mother of his chil'n, as she had a right to say! And de Col'n loved her all de more for not bein' a fool and settin' down cellar 'mong de po'k barr'ls!'

"'Dere, sonny, dat's de way I talk to Brudder Adam! But so fur it haint fotched him up! De poor deluded cretur' thinks he's humble, when he's only low-minded and grovellin' like! It's unworthy of a blood-bought soul for to stick to de cold, dark cellar, when he mought live in de light and warmf, up on de house-top!'"

"That's very true, Sibyl; but few of us reach the house-top;" said the young man thoughtfully.

"'Mo' fools you, den!" cried Sibyl. "De house-top is dere, and de sta'rs is dere, and de grand, glorious Master is dere, up 'bove all, callin' to you day and night, 'Frien', come up higher!' He reaches down His shinin' han' and offers for to help you up; but you shakes your head and steps back and says, 'No, no, Lord; I isn't nothin'.' Is dat de way to treat Him who has bought light and life for you? Oh, shame on you, sonny, and on all de down-cellar and parlour and chamber Christians!"

"What are parlour Christians, auntie;" asked the young man.

"Parlour Christians, honey? Why dem is de ones dat gets barly out o' de cellar and goes straitway and forgets what kind o' cretures dey was down dere! Dey grow proud and dresses up fine, like de worl's folks, and dances and sings worldly trash o' songs, and has only just 'ligion enough to make a show wid. Our ole missus, she used to train 'mong her col'd folks wuss den ole King Fario did 'mong de 'Gyptians. But, bless you, de minute de parson or any other good brudder or sister come along, how she did tune up her harp! She was mighty 'ligious in de parlour, but she left her 'ligion dere when she went out.

"I do think missus got to heaven, wid all her infarmities. But she didn't get very high up till the Bridegroom come and called for her! Den she said to me, one dead-o-night, 'Oh, Sibby,' says she—she held tight on to my han'; 'Oh, Sibby, if you could only go along o' me, and I could keep hold o' your garments, I'd have hope o' getting through de shinin' gate! your clothes, your face and hands shine like silver, Sibby!' says she. 'Dear soul,' says I, 'dis light you see isn't mine! It all comes 'flected on to poor black Sibyl from de cross; and dere is heaps more of it to shine on to you and every other poor sinner dat will come near enough to cotch de rays!'

"'Oh,' says she, 'Sibby, when I heard you shoutin' Glory to God and talkin' o' Him on the house-top, I thought it was all su'stition and igno'ance. But now, oh, Sibby, I'd like to touch de hem o' your garment, and wipe de dust off your shoes, if I could on'y ketch a glimpse o' Christ.'

"'Do you b'live dat's you's a sinner, missus?' says I.

"'Yes, de chief o' sinners,' says she, with a groan.

"'Do you b'live that Christ died for sinners, and is able to carry out His plan?' says I.

"'Yes,' says she.

"'Well, den,' says I; 'if you's sinner 'nough, and Christ is Saviour 'nough, what's to hender you bein' saved? Just you quit lookin' at yourself, and look to Him.'

"Den she kotch sight o' de cross, and she forgot herself; and her face lit up like an angel's; and she was a new missus from dat yar hour till she went up. She died a-singin',

> "'In my han' no price I bring,
> Simply to dy cross I cling.'

"But she mought a sung all de way along, if she hadn't forgot de hoomiliation o' de cellar, and 'bused de privileges o' de parlour. Parlours is fine things; but dey ain't made for folks to spen' deir whole time in."

"What's a chamber-saint, auntie?" asked the young man.

"Chamber-saints is dem dat's 'scaped de dark and de scare of de cellar, and de honey-traps o' de parlour, and got through many worries, and so feels a-tired, and is glad o' rest. Dey says, 'Well, we's got 'long mighty well, and can now see de way clar up to glory.' And sometimes dey forgets dat dey's on'y half-way up, and thinks dey's come off conqueror a'ready. So dey's apt to lie down wid deir hands folded, thinkin' dat Satan isn't nowhar, now! But he is close by 'em, and he smooves deir soft pillows, and sings 'em to sleep and to slumber; and de work o' de kingdom don't get no help from dem—not for one while! De

chamber is a sort o' half-way house made for rest and comfort; but some turns it into a roostin' place! You know Brudder Bunyan, sonny?"

"No."

"What, never heerd tell o' John Bunyan?"

"Oh, yes."

"I thought you couldn't all be so ignorant 'bout 'ligion up in Boston as dat! Well, you know he wrote 'bout a brudder dat got asleep and loss his roll, and dat's what's de matter wid heaps o' Christians in de worl'. Dey falls asleep and loses deir hope."

"And do you keep in this joyful and wakeful frame all the time, auntie?" asked the young learner.

"I does, honey. By the help of de Lord, and a contin'l watch, I keep de head ob de ole sarpent mashed under my heel pretty gineral. Why, sometimes, when he rises up and t'rusts his fangs out, I has such power gin me to stomp on him dat I can hear his bones crack—mostly! I tell you, honey, he don't like me, and he's most gin me up for los'."

"Now, Sibyl, you are speaking in figures. Tell me plainly how you get the victory over Satan."

"Heaps o' ways," she replied. "Sometimes I gets up in the mornin', and I sees work enough for two women ahead o' me. Maybe my head done ache and my narves done rampant; and I hears a voice sayin' in my ear, 'Come or go what likes, Sibby, dat ar work is got to be done! You's sick and tired a'ready! Your lot's a mighty hard one, sister Sibby'—Satan often has de imperdence to call me 'sister'—'and if Adam was only a pearter man, and if Tom wasn't lame, and if Judy and Cle-'patry wasn't dead, you could live mighty easy. But just you look at dat ar pile o' shirts to iron, 'sides cookin' for Adam and Tom, and keepin' your house like a Christian oughter!' Dat's how he 'sails me when I'se weak! Den I faces straight about and looks at him, and says, in the words o' Scripter, 'Clar out and git ahind my back, Satan!' Dat ar pile o' shirts ain't high enough to hide Him dat is my strength! And sometimes I whisks de shirts up and rolls 'em into a bundle, and heaves 'em back into de clothes bask't, and says to 'em, 'You lay dar till to-morrow, will you? I ain't no slave to work, nor to Satan! for I can 'ford to wait, and sing a hime to cheer my sperits, if I like.' And den Satan drops his tail and slinks off, most gineral; and I goes about my work a-singin':

> "'My Master bruise de sarpint's head,
> And bind him wid a chain
> Come, brudders, hololujah shout,
> Wid all your might and main!
> Hololujah!'"

"Does Satan always assail you through your work?" asked the young stranger.

"No, bless you, honey; sometimes he 'tacks me through my stummick; and dat's de way he 'tacks rich and grand folks, most gineral. If I eat too hearty o' fat bacon and corn cake in times gone, I used to get low in 'ligion, and my hope failed, and I den was such a fool I thought my Christ had forgotten to be gracious to me! Satan makes great weapons out o' bacon! But I knows better now, and I keep my body under, like Brudder Paul; and nothin' has power to separate me from Him I loves. I's had sorrow enough to break down a dozen hearts dat had no Jesus to shar' 'em wid, but every one on 'em has only fotched me nearer to Him! Some folks would like to shirk all trouble on deir way to glory, and swim into de shinin' harbour through a sea o' honey! But, sonny, dere's crosses to bar, and I ain't mean enough to want my blessed Jesus to bar 'em all alone. It's my glory here dat I can take hold o' one end o' de cross, and help Him up de hill wid de load o' poor bruised and wounded and sick sinners He's got on His hands and His heart to get up to glory! But, la! honey! how de time has flew; I must go home and get Brudder Adam's dinner; for it's one o' my articles o' faith never to keep him waitin' beyond twelve o'clock when he's hungry and tired, for dat allus gi'se Satan fresh 'vantage over him. Come up to my palace, some day, and we'll have more talk about de way to glory."

TRUST.

When sorrow's darkest night
Above, around, like a thick cloud doth fall,
Though thou canst see no light,
Yet God still lives, and watches over all.

Then trust His loving care;
Pray always, though thy feeble sight be dim;
Thy burdens He will bear,
If thou canst only leave all things with Him.

—*Julia D. Peck.*

DENIS PATTERSON—FIELD PREACHER.

BY KATE THOMPSON SIZER,

Author of "Avice Tennant's Pilgrimage," "Alys of Lutterworth," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES TRESIDER.

TONY TAKING HIS FIRST LESSON IN MILKING.

CHAPTER XVII.

"GREEN PASTURES AND STILL WATERS."

Bethia, when consulted, could only give an astonished and joyful consent. She had wondered, often and anxiously, where the next steps of God's providence would lead her. The home at the Foundery had been a blessed temporary shelter. She had received love like a mother's from Mrs. Wesley, love all the more tender, perhaps, because Mrs. Wesley had lately lost her own youngest daughter, the sickly but much-beloved Keziah. In the arbour of rest provided for her pilgrim feet, Bethia had hitherto rejoiced; but she knew the wilderness way must soon stretch ahead again, and she shrank from the prospect. Now the way was broadening out into literal green pastures. A bountiful home for those dependent on her, and for herself, not a home only, but employment. The squire had informed her of all the good works going on at Longhurst, and begged her to take certain of them under her special care. He did this partly from a delicate desire to lessen her sense of dependence, but chiefly because he at once perceived her extreme fitness for the duties.

Almost as soon, therefore, as John Wesley and his faithful squire quitted London for Bristol, the Edmonds family migrated southwards. They travelled by postchaise. Bethia and her father could have gone on horseback—the quicker and more usual mode in those days—and the squire's men and horses would, in that case, have been at their disposal. But, encumbered with three young children, this was impossible, and they were obliged to choose the more costly way of travelling. To Tony's intense delight they set off with crack of whip and rolling wheels from the door of the Foundery, and bowled smoothly along the country roads. One night was spent in an inn, and on the afternoon of the next day they reached Longhurst.

Letters from her master had informed Hannah of the new plans, and the worthy soul, on receiving them, became torn between loyalty to the squire and jealousy. She was willing that the old house should shelter orphans or sick ones. She was ready to care for such, for God and Wes-

ley's sake. But she wanted to do the work alone; and unconscious Bethia became, in her imagination, a being gifted with the most forbidding qualities.

"Here comes the chaise," announced the newly-married Betsy, when the post-horses turned from the high road, and began climbing the long, green pasture-hill before the house. Betsy was in a flutter of pleased curiosity. She never expected to rule the house; she had the excitement of her new-made wifehood to fill her mind, and so she felt none of poor Hannah's sense of personal grievance.

"Why, Betsy!" exclaimed the latter in a shocked tone, "I protest, you have put on your best cap."

"And why not?" returned the smiling Betsy, aware that the new cap, though innocent of ribbons and Methodistically neat, set off becomingly her dark, rippling hair and comely face.

"I sadly fear your thoughts are much given to vanity, Betsy," rejoined Hannah, looking grave. "And this fine town-bred miss will encourage you in it."

Silence was the wisest answer to this, and Betsy discreetly held her peace. But her censor soon broke out again:

"Betsy, you have put a bough-pot in Miss Edmonds' room; what a clear waste of time and trouble! D'you think a London lady will like our country ways?"

"Sure, every one is the better for the sight of sweet flowers," said Betsy, driven at last to reply. "And if she does not like the handful of bonny primroses and milkmaids (cuckoo flowers) I have set for her, she can just throw them away. Here is the chaise at the door, Hannah. Are you not coming to give the folks a welcome?"

Hannah came forward slowly, with a gait as stiff and impressive as she could make it. Her sensible, ordinarily good-humoured face wore an expression of disdain, prepared to frown down the pretences of the supposed fine lady. She looked through the chaise window to discover the ruffles and lace which, without doubt, the newcomer wore; Hannah had a sermon all ready for them.

The chaise-door opened, and there came out first a somewhat feeble, gray-haired man. Next tumbled down the steps a rosy-cheeked boy, so sturdy and merry that his very look and shout of delight half-won Hannah over. Last came Bethia, with Sophy's baby in her arms, and little Bab clinging to her skirts. Her soft black gown fell straight around her. The close hood she wore showed her sweet face, a little pale after her journey's fatigue, and guiltless always of any pretence or affectation. She went up to Hannah, holding out her hand with a smile:

"You, I am sure, are the kind woman whom Squire Patterson said would take care of us."

Hannah looked into the soft, gray eyes, heard the low, gentle tones, and was conquered. Henceforth Bethia had no firmer friend than she.

"Please sit down in the parlour, sir." With these words Hannah disposed of Mr. Edmonds. "I will carry the baby upstairs, and will you come with me, miss?" To her own surprise Hannah felt quite eager for a moment's chat with the owner of that sweet face.

"You will be good, and touch nothing while I go, Tony," said Bethia, turning with an admonitory gesture to her little brother, who was examining with deep interest the hunting whips and fox-brushes that adorned the hall.

"Oh! he will be good, I'll warrant him," returned Hannah in such a hearty voice, that Betsy, remembering her recent strictures against the newcomers, stared, while Tony beamed and regarded Hannah with high approval.

"O Bab, see those sweet flowers!" was Bethia's first cry as she reached the pleasant chamber, hung with white, which had been appropriated to her use. "How lovely all is here! and how kind to let us come!" she continued, turning to Hannah with such touching gratitude that the tears rushed unawares to the old servant's eyes.

"It has been a lonely house since my poor mistress died," she said, as if in apology for her weakness; "but I feel, my dear, as if a new life had entered with you. Sit you down, poor young thing! for I see you are worn out with trouble of some sort. You shall do nothing but rest till you get that look out of your face."

In this way Hannah laid down her arms, and gave the dreaded intruder comfort instead of rebuke. Bethia, knowing nothing of the silent conflict waged in Hannah's breast before her

coming, thanked her with the warmest words she could muster.

"Green pastures and still waters." This phrase of the Psalmist best described the experience that now began for Bethia. The words were in her mind as she drew back the curtain next morning and looked out on the fair landscape. An April shower had just left leaves and grass full of twinkling diamonds. April sunshine was glittering on distant green hills and on near green meadows. A pleasant crowing of cocks and contented lowing of oxen mingled with larks' and blackbirds' songs; and a child's voice, fresh and jubilant, rose up amongst them all. Bethia looked down. Tony was in the orchard taking his first lesson in milking, while Tom stood by, convulsed with merriment at his quaint words and ways.

A knock came at Bethia's door, and Hannah entered.

"There is some fresh milk for you, my dear, to put a little colour into your pale cheeks. Bab, child, run down, your breakfast is waiting for you. Let the baby sleep on a little while, Miss Bethia; Betsy or I will run up if he cries."

Bethia, so used to take care of others, so little used to be cared for, hardly recognized herself in this new existence. However, plenty of other work awaited her. Mr. Frant was an early caller, bringing with him a list of sick people he wanted her to visit, beginning with his own invalid wife. Her help was counted on in the evening meetings; indeed, her sweet voice and the children's clear trebles would have been an acquisition if they had brought no other help. Mr. Edmonds, too, became interested in the readings; and from his scholar's stores would bring many striking and picturesque facts to illustrate them. Two more orphans were added to the household, needy little ones discovered by the squire in his wanderings as a field-preacher, and sent to his home. Bethia taught these with her own little brother and sister, and helped Hannah besides in many a household task. The old house became a home again, astir and resounding from morning till night with happy voices.

"The mistress would have liked well to see such doings," said faithful Hannah, often wiping her eyes.

There were fleeting shadows on the brightness, of course; when do not shadows come? It was not pleasant to Bethia, for instance, to meet, as she sometimes did, the vicar's wife in the village, and see the face that beamed with smiles for some village lassie stiffen into cold, unseeing haughtiness as the young Methodist passed by. Tony was now and then enticed into play with rough lads, who delighted to teach his innocence wrong words and ways. There were little trials of neighbourly spite and slander, which the squire's household had to bear, that were hard and vexatious. But Mr. Frant's presence and the name of the absent squire were a strong protection. They fared better than many of the Methodists of that time.

One great sorrow fell on Bethia as the months passed on. Every letter from the Foundery brought news of Mrs. Wesley's failing health. Bethia longed to go and minister to one whom she so dearly loved; but she could not leave her little flock, and she knew that the dying saint was surrounded by loving care. Her son and many daughters stood by the bed on the July day in 1742 which saw Susannah Wesley breathe her last.

"Children," said the heroic soul, "as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God." Bethia, in her Kentish home, when she heard of the request, thanked God for the home-call of the weary pilgrim, but she missed her sorely.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A CORNISH INCIDENT.

Denis Patterson's life was full of change after he left his old home. Only at rare intervals did he revisit it. He was satisfied that Tom managed the farm successfully. The work left in Bethia's and Hannah's hands prospered. There was no need to trouble about anything at Longhurst, and his ardent leader left him no time.

East, west, north, south, he was sent, sometimes accompanying Wesley, sometimes alone. He had preached to the colliers at Kingswood, and to the miners of South Wales, and given his message among Yorkshire dales and on the moors of Devon. Glad and sad at once had been his experiences—sad when he saw the fierce opposition that met the truth, glad when he found infant

churches springing up in blessing and promise.

The squire altered with his changing life. Frances Patterson would have scarcely known her husband, and yet her influence was moulding his spirit still. The shadow of the never-forgotten past lay deep in his blue eyes; the thought of her gave a chivalrous tenderness to his dealings with women and all weak and helpless ones. But his varied experiences had developed in him a quickness of resource and a ready speech that would have surprised the Longhurst folk. Wesley held him in high regard, and counted, more than Denis guessed, on his clear, helpful, good sense.

They met in Bristol one summer time. Wesley came there from London, Denis on his way from a preaching tour in the Midlands.

"What plans have you afoot now, Brother Patterson?" asked Wesley, after receiving his helper's report of the work just done.

"I thought I would go home a little while," replied Denis, with submission. "Poor Cherry, my horse, needs rest; and a few days' quiet will help me to start again with fresh vigour."

"Leave your horse in stables at Bristol," commanded Wesley, who could be peremptory to his preachers sometimes. "I want you to come with me to Cornwall. You can preach your old sermons there to fresh people, and maybe pick up materials for new ones. Your home does not need you. Like me, you are set free for the Master's work."

No, his home did not need him. Denis felt it with a sharp twinge of forlornness; and not to Wesley, not to any man, could he say how a green grave in Longhurst churchyard drew him eastward now and again like a magnet. To look on the white, peaceful daisies that grew there was the nearest approach to home happiness that he knew. But in silence he heard his leader's wishes, and obeyed. Wesley had loyal service from his followers.

The two travelled south-west, and the journey in such company remained an abiding pleasure in Denis Patterson's memory. Over "windy moors, rejoicing in their tapestry of fern," passing many an historical town and ruin, the interest of which Wesley was keen to see and point out, catching from breezy heights glimpses of the wide, blue Atlantic, they went; and summer sunsets and fair sunrises shone over two contented hearts. Whenever they stopped Denis listened eagerly to the talk Wesley held with his converts, and to the sermons he preached. Wise to build up souls as well as to win them, Wesley was a model his preachers could safely follow.

They came in the course of their tour to Helston, from which place they were bound for a preaching appointment at St. Ives.

"Go to the London Inn and order a fresh carriage, Brother Patterson," said Wesley. "I love to be punctual, and we have no time to lose."

As the squire gave the necessary order, he noticed a young man, busy about the inn-yard, look up quickly.

"Who wanted the carriage, did you say?" he asked in an undertone, when his master's back was turned.

"The Reverend John Wesley," was the answer.

The youth's eyes glistened. "I know him; he is a good man. I shall ask leave of my master to take the driver's place."

"Very well," said the squire, running his eye down the youth rapidly, and concluding that he looked fit for the business.

"Drive your best," said Wesley as he entered the carriage. "I must reach St. Ives at a given hour."

They rolled smoothly and easily along for some time, Wesley busy with a book he drew from his pocket, and Denis trying to fix in his mind the heads of a new sermon he had composed that morning and might need to use next day. Suddenly the chaise came to a full stop. The squire looked out with an exclamation of dismay.

"I must go back," shouted the driver.

"Yes, turn at once," was the squire's answer.

Their road lay along the sands by the sea, perfectly safe at low tide, but covered with water when the tide rose. The long Atlantic rollers were now setting in towards the shore—a splendid spectacle. Like prancing steeds they came, arching their necks proudly, and scattering showers of white foam around. A fresh salt wind blew with them, and flung the spray in mirthful, health-bearing salute on brow and cheek. The scene was magnificent, except to travellers whose path lay through the foaming waters.

"Go back," repeated the squire

anxiously to their young coachman; "we are in danger of our lives."

Wesley dropped his book and sprang to the window.

"Go back!" he cried. "Nay, our way lies straight forward. Do not fear. Take the sea."

"Be persuaded by me and turn back," urged Denis. "Your life is too precious to risk."

"What is your name, driver?" asked the great evangelist, paying no attention to his anxious companion.

"Peter," said the young man.

Wesley looked at the squire with a smile, and then turned to the coachman. "Peter, fear not; thou shalt not sink."

The youth took courage, either from Wesley's words or from the remembrance of the watery depths braved by his apostolic namesake. He caught up the reins, touched the frightened horses with his whip, and they plunged into the seething waves.

"PETER, FEAR NOT; THOU SHALT NOT SINK."

The waters dashed up around and sometimes above them. Their hair dripped with the salt spray, which descended in frequent baptism. The carriage rocked like a boat with the waves, or sometimes stood fast, caught in a sandy hollow. Soon the horses lost their footing, and were forced to swim to breast the tide.

"Are you afraid?" asked Wesley of his companion.

"Not with you," answered the squire, and truly. He was too occupied in admiring the courage of his leader to think of his own danger.

"You remember that Julius Caesar, in a similar case, bade his boatman fear not, since he carried Caesar and his fortunes?" said Wesley. "Do you think an ambassador of God should show more fright?"

"No," said the squire again, with emphasis. For the time he was lifted above alarm.

But the driver drew a breath of relief when the wheels of the carriage crunched upon firm ground, and the horses raised their quivering haunches out of the waves.

"Beautiful, beautiful!" exclaimed Wesley, stretching his hand towards the tossing, sunlit expanse of sea, wearing its white crests proudly, as though conscious of the praise it won. And then low, as that Denis Patterson could only just catch the words through the dashing of the waves, Wesley murmured: "The sea is His, and He made it."

They reached St. Ives in time to keep their appointment, and Wesley sent the shivering coachman, as the grateful man long remembered, to a warm shelter at the inn, while he himself went to preach in his sea-drenched garments.

Next day, after another drive of a dozen or so miles, they reached Gwennap Pit. The squire had heard of this famous preaching-place, and was desirous to see a service there. Not easily to be forgotten was the sight. The pit is a round green hollow, sloping gently down to a depth of, perhaps, forty feet. Nature adorns the temple she has made. Golden gorse at that season lighted up the moors around, and the sides were green with fern and crimson with heather. The westering sun of a splendid August day lighted up the thousands of faces that clustered round this natural amphitheatre, all turning to the great preacher as sunflowers are said to turn to the sun. Through the calm air his voice sounded clear and impressive; and

along the sides of the green hollow there were heads bowed as the wind bows the forest, and murmurs and cries broke forth, as the trees move and sigh under the tempests that shake them.

Denis Patterson's face was between his hands long before the sermon was done, and his tears fell like rain on the grasses. Wesley laid his hand on his shoulder at last and roused him.

"What is it, brother?" he said.

"It made me think of 'the innumerable multitude,'" was the answer. "This is a foretaste of that scene."

"Go and help some of the poor souls into the light; that is the best foretaste," said practical Wesley.

His assistant obeyed, and found the words true.

CHAPTER XIX.

A YORKSHIRE MOB.

Wesley was not always favoured with hearers as attentive as those at Gwennap. Rough as well as smooth experiences befell him. Truth always awakens opposition, and the great preacher, like his greater Master, often encountered the hatred of those he tried to benefit.

One summer Denis Patterson went north with his leader. On an August evening they found themselves climbing the steep road that led to the little village of Haworth. Around lay the moors in a kingly mantle of purple. Factory chimneys blacken the landscape with their smoke now, and the houses of mill-workers have turned the rural seclusion into a busy place; but in Wesley's day the place was even more remote and lonely than when three sisters lived, a century later, in Haworth parsonage, writing the books that have made their names world-known. Clear becks sparkled along the moorland hollows; birch and bracken shot out their banners of silvan green; innumerable larks nestled among the crimson heather, and filled the wide blue skies with their jubilant voices.

The steep village street, "the little gray church on the windy hill," the race of village people with their proud, honest independence, we know them well from Charlotte Bronte's books; and Wesley knew them from personal acquaintance. As he and his companion rode up to the vicar's house, the Haworth folk came to their doors to watch him, and get a word from their vicar's honoured friend.

Mr. Grimshaw was waiting for them at his gate. Charlotte Bronte, dwelling a hundred years after in the same house, wrote bitter things of the Methodists; could she have ever studied the life of her father's most famous predecessor? Mr. Grimshaw was a clergyman of the best type. He had fought a long spiritual battle before he won peace; but when he had gained it his greatest desire was to share it with others. The Methodists were his warm allies, and John Wesley one of his greatest admirers. Mr. Grimshaw laboured for his parishioners incessantly; he visited them in their scattered homes in all weathers, and preached the word "in season and out of season."

"This is a friend you have not yet seen," said Wesley, presenting Denis Patterson. "For Christ's sake he has given up his home, and a life of ease."

"Then you must be a friend of mine," answered Mr. Grimshaw, looking at the squire's pleasant face, and feeling drawn to him.

"What work have you planned for us?" asked Wesley as they entered the vicarage parlour.

The vicar glanced back at Mr. Patterson, laughing.

"Was ever a man born with such an appetite for work? Twice he has preached to-day, has he not? and yet he craves more to do. You shall have it, friend Wesley. I have planned a service in my own church tomorrow morning at five o'clock, and promised your company at other places, too."

"I am ready for all," replied the indefatigable evangelist.

Haworth church the next morning was full, and the squire was delighted to see the strong, sinewy Yorkshire faces lit up with enthusiasm as they listened. In the mid-morning they rode farther, and the squire saw more of these brawny country men. He thought, with a sudden apprehension, that he would little like to have them set in hostility against him. The thought had scarcely passed through his mind when a man met them from a cross-road.

"Mr. Grimshaw," said the newcomer, "is that Mr. Wesley with you?

Turn back, I beg. A great crowd is on the road before you, and you may be roughly used."

Wesley glanced at his host with chivalrous consideration.

"Turn back, Mr. Grimshaw, if you will," he said. "Why should you suffer rough usage for us ?"

The vicar of Haworth met the look straight, a steady gleam was in his own eyes.

"Shall you turn back, Mr. Wesley ?" he asked.

"I ? Never," was the answer, given with the great evangelist's usual cool firmness.

"Then I go on, too."

The vicar sat his horse with a more stalwart attitude, a martial look on his face. The squire watched the two preachers, proud of their courage.

They had reached the appointed place, and Wesley began his sermon calmly, but presently great cries interrupted him.

"The mob is coming," whispered the squire, who stood at his leader's side. "Will you not fly ?"

"I shall await them here," Wesley replied, and watched with composure the rabble force that streamed up, brandishing sticks and clubs.

"The Methodists, we want the Methodists," they cried, and one of the mob struck Wesley on the face.

The squire made a quick movement forward to defend his leader, and became a marked man at once. They closed round him, and he had to struggle with a dozen assailants together. As he tried to resist them he saw Wesley borne out of his reach by the main portion of the crowd.

"Where are they taking him ? What will they do to him ?" he cried, far more anxious for the great preacher's fate than for his own.

"He is going to the magistrates, who will stop his talk," the crowd answered mockingly ; on hearing which Mr. Patterson made a stronger effort to go to Wesley's help.

"Here is a pretty fellow with some fight in him," roared the voices round him. "Come, he will give us sport."

"Are you Englishmen ?" said Patterson, looking at the taunting, angry faces in the hope to discover some light of pity on one of them. "Will you hurt an unharmed man ?"

"Fine words," sneered the bystanders ; and one of them called out : "It is his trade to preach ; let him give us a sermon."

"With all my heart," answered the squire, imitating the coolness he had often seen Wesley show in similar circumstances. He mounted a stone near, and had uttered a few earnest words, when a shower of mud was aimed straight at his face and nearly choked him.

"No preaching," said the bully who had thrown it. "There's better sport than that. Into the river with him. Witches and preachers should swim."

"INTO THE RIVER WITH HIM !"

At the words the crowd made a wild rush that lifted the squire off his feet. He saw Mr. Grimshaw, himself foully treated, make a vain effort to reach him. He had time for one hasty prayer and effort at self-control, then he found himself carried along by the rough Yorkshiremen, whose determined faces showed that their sport would be of no pleasant nature.

Denis Patterson was brave, and he set his teeth, uttering no cry. There were hard hands at his throat, and each limb was gripped by one or more assailants. He was

"TURN BACK, I BEG."

tossed and shaken in the painful passage, and received blows as well. It was useless to try and free himself, there were too many against him. The law offered no protection ; in fact, the constable was busy carrying off Wesley, while the worthy (?) magistrate looked on, well pleased. The squire knew he had no help save in God, and he waited as quietly as he could for the end, which might mean death.

A sound of flowing waters came on his ears. He looked down as well as he was able. He had been carried to the high bank of the river, and the stream lay ten or a dozen feet below. The squire was a hardy countryman, well practiced in most manly exercises, but he could not swim ; and the sight of the water caused a faint shiver of fear, which his captors noticed.

"Canst swim ?" asked the strong bully, who had clasped his arms round the victim's neck.

"No," Denis answered.

"Then now is the time to learn," said his tormentor, and the crowd took up the cry with glee.

"Into the river with him ! Jump in !" they howled, while those who held the captive pushed him nearer and nearer the brink.

"In with you, man !" they remonstrated, laughing, as the squire hung back and asked for mercy.

"In with you," they cried, growing angry, and emphasizing their wish with heavy blows.

Denis Patterson lost his footing on the slippery cliff. With a cry he fell, clutching the air wildly, and feeling the cold waters eddy round him as he smote their surface. There was a sharp sensation of pain as if he had struck something harder than water in his fall ; and then the squire knew nothing more till a day or two later he woke in the little quiet chamber of the Haworth parsonage, and saw figures anxiously bending over him.

"He will live now, thank God !" said Mr. Grimshaw's voice.

"Ay, the Lord has more work for him to do," answered Wesley, with deep emotion.

"But oh, shame that such deeds should be done in Christian England!" said Mr. Grimshaw.

And we who read of them must echo the good vicar's exclamation.

THE TRANSVAAL.

BY THE REV. J. TALLMAN PITCHER.

PAUL KRUGER,
President of the Transvaal Republic.

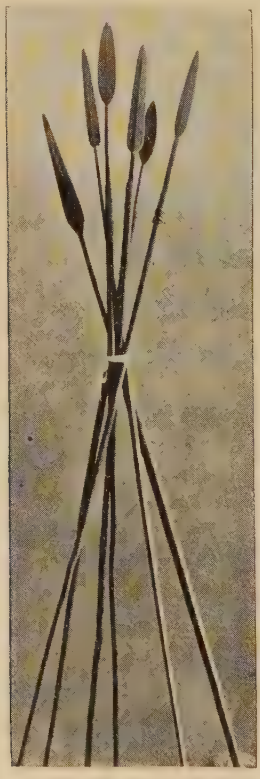
"Africa is, in political history, the oldest and newest of the continents. The north-east territory formed one of the most ancient empires, and in the south it shows some of the most modern Republics. Africa is almost as truly a discovery of the nineteenth century as America was of the fifteenth, and Australia of the eighteenth centuries."

At present the attention of the world is fixed on the South African Republic. The lowering horizon fills the friends of peace with sorrow, while jingoism wants and is determined to possess the land of the Boers. Before these lines are in print we shall know whether the dogs of war are let loose or the spirit of Christianity prevails. Questions at once difficult and critical have arisen. But if settled by force the question of righteousness and justice will not be determined, for war only declares which is the stronger power or which possessed the best generalship.* Imperial troops are being poured into South Africa. The empire is being marshalled for a display of its might. It has opposed to it a body of the most expert rough-riders and sharp-shooters in the world, backed by an artillery which, if properly handled, is superior to any, at the time of writing, in South Africa. The Boer knows this, knows it well. He knows how again and again he has beaten Imperial soldiers. He believes that he has justice and the Almighty on his side, thus flushed with past successes he waits. But he forgets that things have greatly changed

*[Yet South African jealousies, animosities and ambitions, that have been so intense and which have created the elements of revolution will be allayed.]

with England during the past few years ; forgets Napier of Abyssinia and Kitchener of the Soudan.

South Africa is destined to play an important part in future history. Extending southward from the Zambesi is a vast territory of about a million square miles and measuring 1,500 miles from the mouth of that river to Cape Town, having a population of two millions. The marvellous development of wealth, the rapid march of civilization in this region, points



ZULU ASSEGAIS.

to a great future. The southern parts of Africa possess an excellent climate, rich soil and inexhaustible mineral wealth.

The Transvaal (literally across the Vaal), or South African Republic, extends from the river Vaal, which separates it from the Orange Free State on the south, to the Limpopo River on the north, separating it from Rhodesia. On the west it is bounded by British Bechuanaland, and on the east by the Portuguese territory, Natal and Zululand, which intervenes between the Transvaal and the Indian Ocean. Thus the Transvaal is entirely inland and unapproachable by a navy.

The Orange Free State, being also largely inhabited with Boers, naturally sympathizes with the Republic. The country is five hundred miles long and four hundred miles wide, having a population, including the aborigines, roughly estimated at 800,000. The physical features are that of a saucer, traversed by high mountain ridges and having a mean altitude of 3,000 feet. The Vaal and Limpopo are the chief rivers. Although lying on the border of the tropics, and partly within them, owing to its great elevation and the absence of extensive marshes, it has a healthy and invigorating climate, well suited to the European constitution.

The railway route from Delagoa Bay on the east to the interior runs through a fever-stricken district, and is specially dangerous in the rainy season. The mean annual temperature is 68° F., falling to 40° in June, and occasionally rising to 90° in January. Forests are extensive in the deep gorges, mountain ranges and along the larger streams ; but the greater part of the country is made up of grass lands. The settlers have occupied themselves with stock breeding ; but the country is well suited for growing cereals, yielding two crops annually. Tobacco, grapes, and many European fruits and vegetables thrive, while semi-tropical products, as cotton, sugar and coffee, can be grown in the north.

The Boers.

In 1652, a company of Dutch immigrants founded a colony at the Cape, which for one hundred and fifty years remained a Dutch possession. During the war of 1795 the French overran Holland and her colonies. In 1803 the English captured the Cape from the French, and from that date it has remained a British possession. Thus by no fault or wish of their own the Boers became British subjects.

The real history of the Transvaal begins with the "Great Trek," or general exodus of the Cape Boers between 1834 and 1837. Previous to that, in their Cape Colony home, they held the natives as slaves, and treated them with cruelty. Great Britain in 1834 abolished slavery in her colonies, and while she compensated the slave-owners of the West Indies with $100,000,000, no adequate compen-

sation was made to the Boers.* This simply meant financial ruin to many. In their bitterness of heart they determined to seek a new home beyond the reach of British law. So, selling their farms for what they could get in a forced market, they shook off from their shoes the dust of British domination and marched northward in search of new homes and pastures.

The heavy lumbering waggons carried their families, while around them were their flocks and herds. The men were brawny, stalwart fellows, speaking a strange language, with strong guttural accent, and marching with a slow, awkward gait. Their appearance was uncouth, and their clothes of brown homespun woollen stuff. Their homely features betokened earnestness and force of character. These people are variously called Boers, Trekkers, Voortrekkers and Africanders. *Boer*, pronounced "Boor," is a Dutch word meaning farmer; *Trekker* is a person who migrates in search of a new home; they are called *Africanders* because they settled in Africa.

"This farmer of the wilderness, rough and uncouth, often surly and suspicious, has a great and stirring history behind him in South Africa, of which he is and has a right to be proud. He and his fathers have struggled, and trekked and warred, and been massacred, and have suffered in blood and purse and pastoral wealth for two hundred and fifty years. Their struggles and strange vicissitudes are little known, while their dogged and unconquerable spirit has been misunderstood."

These slowly moving Dutch farmers, armed with only smooth-bore flint-lock muskets, after suffering reverses and the bloodiest treachery, met and conquered the whole Zulu army, then at the height of its strength and military discipline. Less than four hundred and fifty Boers defeated twelve thousand fierce Zulu warriors, on 12th of December, 1838. The Dutchmen fought with characteristic coolness and courage, women and even children loading the guns as fast as they were emptied. The Zulus left three thousand dead, and the power of Dingaan, the renowned Zulu chief, was broken. To this hour the Transvaal Dutch annually celebrate "Dingaan's Day" and give thanks for their wonderful victory.

President Paul Kruger, then a boy of ten years, was in the engagement. This

* A sum of money was granted to pay for these slaves; but the drafts were negotiable in London, and Jewish intermediaries got the most of the money.—Ed.

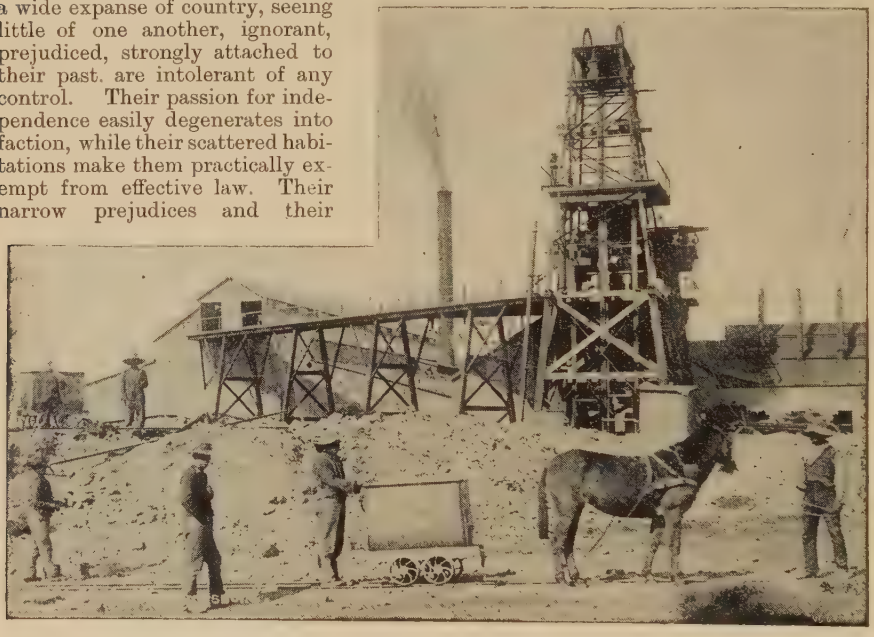
was sixty-one years ago in Natal, where now stands one of the most beautiful cities in the world, containing public buildings which favourably compare with any in our country, and surrounded by beautiful residences, the homes of prosperous and wealthy merchants.

Another decisive victory was gained by one hundred and thirty-five Boers, about the same date, north of the Vaal, over a noted Zulu chief at the head of an army of ten thousand. The whole vast territory of the Transvaal was now left to the Voortrekker.

"These people, scattered over a wide expanse of country, seeing little of one another, ignorant, prejudiced, strongly attached to their past, are intolerant of any control. Their passion for independence easily degenerates into faction, while their scattered habitations make them practically exempt from effective law. Their narrow prejudices and their need of more land has brought them into constant conflict with the natives, whom they have treated with harshness and cruelty. This has evoked many protests from the English missionaries, and embroiled them in local wars which have at times threatened to involve the whole of South Africa."

The piety of the Boer community is manifest in the building of churches and the presence of a large number of ministers of religion, whose flocks are continually quarrelling over trifles of faith and practice. They are rigidly Calvinistic in faith and belong to the Dutch Reformed Church. In social and political life they are densely ignorant of all affairs outside a narrow local circle. Flocks and herds and the products of a fertile soil give the people rude abundance. They have lacked money to build bridges, make roads, erect public buildings, and pay the paltry salaries of a few officials.

The political history of the South African Republic, or Transvaal, dates from 1852, when Britain acknowledged it as an independent State with certain limitations and restrictions. But from the first little capacity for self-rule was shown. Lord Carnarvon, the British Secretary for the Colonies, eager for South African con-



SURFACE WORKS OF A GOLD MINE IN JOHANNESBURG.

federation, recognized the danger to South African interests arising from the helpless condition of the Transvaal State, empowered Sir Theophilus Shepstone, then Secretary for Native Affairs in Natal, to annex to the British domains the Transvaal, if he was satisfied the inhabitants desired such a relation. In January, 1877, he entered Pretoria, the capital, amid a scene of enthusiastic welcome from the people. The English and German residents of the villages and small towns were ready for annexation. The President, faced by public bankruptcy, the entire suspension of trade, factions among the Boers and bands of armed men appearing on the frontiers,

gave a reluctant consent. Accordingly, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, in April, 1877, proclaimed the Transvaal British territory and assumed the government.

The advocates of the Boer regarded this procedure as a high-handed outrage, while others looked upon it as a necessary step for the protection of the entire Cape Colony. But no account had been taken of the feelings and wishes of the Boers—the backbone of the country. These were intensely enraged. A deputation was sent to England, consisting of Paul Kruger and Pieter Joubert, with a petition signed by 6,500 persons asking that their independence be restored. This was refused. The Boers resolved to fight. Kruger, Pretorius and Joubert became the heads of a provisional government, and in December, 1880, proclaimed once more an independent Republic.

The Boers rose *en masse*, believing that their cause was the cause of heaven. The leading men in this uprising were Kruger, called "Oom (uncle) Paul" by the admiring Boers, who was one of the original "Trekkers" from Cape Colony, a man distinguished in the wars, a member of one of the strictest bodies of Dutch Protestants; Pieter Joubert, also a fighter, a coarse-looking, self-educated man of the Covenanter type; Pretorius, an able administrator, who had been president, both of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, and Dr. Jorrissen, a Dutch divine, learned, and fiery in spirit and temper.

The struggle is of too recent a date to call for recital. The British troops, miserably handled by Sir George Colley, were completely routed by the Boers at Majuba Hill, February, 1881. That humiliating defeat has rankled for eighteen years in the minds of Britons, and many an English soldier longs for an opportunity to retrieve the loss. The English Cabinet, headed by Mr. Gladstone, unwilling to incur "blood-guiltiness" by further resistance, gave way to the victors, and the Transvaal became recognized once more as an independent state with "suzerain" control by England in the management of external state matters. This agreement, confirmed in 1884, strictly prohibited slavery, secured religious equality and freedom, and the right of the native tribes to buy land and seek justice in the law courts. The Republic could conclude no treaties with foreign powers without first consulting England. This treaty of 1884 said nothing about British suzerainty. The Boers insist that since it is not affirmed it was abandoned; the English insist that since it is not repudiated it is continued.

The Gold and Diamond Fields.

A new era for the Republic opened with the discovery in 1885 that it possessed the richest gold mines in the world, to say nothing of other precious metals. So vast and so rich are these mines that their product in a few years would wipe out England's national debt. The gold output of 1891, from the Witwatersrand fields alone, amounted to eight and a half million pounds sterling. The discovery caused a "gold mania," and people from many countries rushed by tens of thousands to the Transvaal.

Johannesburg, the "London of South Africa," stands eight thousand feet above the sea, on a site which ten years ago was a barren veldt, and nine years ago was a mining camp. It had, before the recent exodus, a population of 110,000, and was rapidly increasing. The town is built on the gold reef, and as far as the eye can reach the tall chimneys of the various mines are seen. The main gold-bearing reef is about thirty miles long and is honeycombed with mines throughout its entire length. Johannesburg has been called "the wickedest place on earth." Drinking and gambling, cursing and swearing, racing and betting, cheating and chicanery, crime and murder are all too common, and blacken the character of the "golden city."

The gold mania, whether exhibited in California, Australia, the Klondike, or the Transvaal, has always had a demoralizing effect upon the community. The foreigners, drawn by the gold and diamond discoveries, called by the Boers, "Uitlanders," or "Outlanders," are eager, energetic adventurers, and are creating the country's wealth. These have swamped the Boers in numbers, and though they pay nine-tenths of the taxes, build the railways, the telegraph lines, bridges, roads, schools and cities; though they furnish the enterprise, energy and skill, and have raised the country from poverty and obscurity to wealth, progress and renown, yet they are allowed no vote nor voice in the government, nor the expenditure of the taxes. The Dutch population, the sole possessors of political power, are in sullen aversion to change, are morbid adherents of antiquated ways, neither willing to be led nor driven in the path of progress. They do not care for the mines or for the cities. Their one great dread is that if the Outlanders get the ballot, being in the minority, they will soon be deprived of political power in the State; that strangers will possess their land and that they will be crushed

MAJUBA HILL, IN THE DRAKENBURG MOUNTAINS.

to the wall. So the Boer regards the invader with suspicion and passionate anger, and resolves that he will fight to the death. He loves his country, he has shed his blood for it, and does not want that strangers shall rule it.

Cecil Rhodes and the Jameson Raid.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes, once the Premier of Cape Colony, the founder of "The South Africa Chartered Company," whose vast domain is known as Rhodesia, a high-class adventurer, the very embodiment of progress, an ardent advocate of the confederation of the Cape countries under British rule, a shrewd financier, said to be the richest man in the world, unscrupulous in the use of means to gain his ends, headstrong and dashing, would rather carry a position by storm than trust the slower and safer modes of reform, in an evil hour was tempted to plan, through a devoted follower, the foolhardy enterprise known as "The Jameson Raid." The object of this invasion, as stated by Dr. Jameson, was to occupy Johannesburg until the Transvaal Government made concessions to the

THE SEAT OF WAR.

Outlanders, redressed their grievances and removed their disabilities. Cecil Rhodes, in an official report, stated that the Outlanders were more than half the population, owned nine-tenths of the wealth, paid nineteen-twentieths of the taxes of the country, and yet had no voice in the administration, and, therefore, under these circumstances he aided, with purse and influence, Dr. Jameson to collect his band of invaders, though he adds that the actual raid was made without his authority.

It was expected that the Outlanders would rise to Jameson's aid; but the "daring deeds of high emprise" ended in a disastrous defeat of the gallant young doctor. In this miserable tragedy he misjudged the strength of the Boers, and was disappointed in the uprising of those he ventured all to help. On December 30th, 1895, Jameson appeared on the frontier of the Transvaal, one hundred and fifty miles from Johannesburg, at the head of a motley band of eight hundred men. On the first of January, when within fifteen miles of his objective point, he was met by fifteen hundred Boers. The invaders were defeated, losing one hundred men. Jameson and other leaders were made prisoners and marched to Pretoria. Be it told to the honour and humanity of Kruger, Jameson and his associates were treated with marked kindness and consideration, for which he was warmly thanked by both the Queen and Mr. Chamberlain.

Oom Paul Kruger,

The Lion of Rustenberg, is a remarkable man. Prince Bismarck declared him to be the greatest natural-born statesman of the time. Gladstone said he was the shrewdest politician on the continent of Africa. A man of no education, astute, cunning, uncouth in manner and unattractive in appearance. He rises at half-past five o'clock every morning; in the library he drinks several cups of black coffee and smokes several pipes of Boer tobacco. Then he devotes an hour to family devotions and Bible reading. After breakfast, at seven, he meets the members of the Volksraad to transact official business. After this, on the piazza of his little white cottage he joins the burghers and citizens who come to chat, drink coffee and smoke with him. At ten he goes to the Volksraad, and again at two in the afternoon, taking a keen interest in the proceedings, and often addressing the members. Punctually at eight o'clock he retires. When at home he never varies from this daily programme.

This brings us to consider the present crisis, and the strained relations between

the Transvaal Republic and Great Britain. The fundamental question is the relative rights and responsibilities of the two countries. The Boer insists that his is an independent country, and that no foreigner has or ought to have any political rights in it until he has forsworn allegiance to his old country. The Britisher replies that the Transvaal is not truly an independent State, that it is subject to the suzerainty of Great Britain, and therefore a British subject need not forswear allegiance to Great Britain before he comes into the right of the franchise. The Convention of 1884 declares that "The Transvaal shall not negotiate any treaty with any foreign state without submitting it to the sanction of the British Government. And further, the Transvaal Government shall have no dealings with the natives of Africa outside of the Transvaal except through the British Government." It cannot be denied that this gave the British Government superior authority or command.

Frederic Harrison argues, with force and logic, that the Transvaal, not being a British Colony, Mr. Chamberlain, the Colonial Secretary, has nothing to do with questions not affecting British colonies. That this is a matter for the Foreign Office to deal with; that, therefore, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Prime Minister, is the one upon whom the responsibility rests; and more, that the matters complained of are matters within the State, that they have no relation to other nations, that the Transvaal Government is acting within its rights.

In May, 1896, Mr. Chamberlain said, "To go to war with President Kruger to enforce internal reforms would be immoral; that is not my policy and never will be." Despite the inconsistency, second thought appears to have led him to other conclusions. The United States went to war with Spain to enforce internal reforms in Cuba, and if that was a righteous war with a foreign power for internal reforms, Britain's action might be classed in the same category.

A war with the Transvaal and the Orange Free State will not be classed with England's "little wars." It would be frightfully expensive, it would involve heavy losses in commerce, munitions and men. To crush the Boers will not be a feat that any Briton will boast of, and it will be the hardest fought campaign since the Crimean war.

Lord Salisbury is pre-eminently pacific, and let us hope that some method may be found to bring Kruger to terms without resorting to force.* He is now fighting a battle which he must inevitably lose. He is placing himself in the character of the traditional American "skipper" of a Mississippi steamboat, but with a totally different object in view. The one sits on the safety-valve to give pressure to the engines and thus increase the speed. The other seeks to retard the growth of constitutional freedom and the spread of civilization. The result in either case must be the same—a disastrous explosion.

Iroquois, Ont.

* This was written before the outbreak of hostilities.—Ed.

IN NOVEMBER.

BY JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

Now, in the bleak o' year, when azure skies
  Have donned their hodden-grey, and winds wax keen,
  And Autumn is about to furl unseen
Her flotant oriflamme, borne royalwise
Throughout October—now, when lonesome lies
  The orchard that so lately was the scene
  Of such large yieldance, and the ground is lean
Whereover the ahungered raven flies—
Now is the land like to a man grown old,
  Its outward grace has vanished, but withal
    'Tis not ensaddened, since it still may brood
On harvests gathered—memories manifold—
  And see its children risen up to call
    It blessèd, with full hearts of gratitude.

—*The Outlook.*

WHY ELINOR BECAME "SISTER NORA."*

Elinor Arlington, known to us as "Sister Nora," was the daughter and only child of a wealthy New York merchant, who died just before our story opens, leaving her a large fortune. Her life had not been a happy one. Mr. Arlington, a man of the Mark Brompton type, had given himself unreservedly to business; hence the entire burden of social duties and obligations fell upon his wife. In the beginning Mrs. Arlington was a sweet, gentle, though somewhat romantic woman, given a little to certain fancies and ambitions, but as life took on its more real phases the visions of girlhood gradually disappeared. She was rich, and according to the popular notion should have been happy, but she was not happy—far from it. She was the mistress of a large and elegant house, but there is a vast difference between a house and a home, and hers was only a house. She had that which is supposed to meet the full desire of a woman's hope—a rich and varied wardrobe, but she had an empty, desolate heart.

For some time after Elinor was born Mrs. Arlington seemed much as in the more simple and joyous days, but her husband was ambitious, social demands were inexorable; so her little daughter was given to the care of servants, and the old, monotonous life was resumed. Not possessing any particular strength of character, and not being fitted specially for leadership, her position in the procession was not a very conspicuous one, still she had to keep marching with the others.

If one has any choice of position in the social parade, the best place, most assuredly, is up close to the band, for leadership, though attended with some embarrassment, has the compensation of prominence. The next best place is at the rear, as it affords opportunity for dropping out in a quiet, unobtrusive way. The most difficult and tiresome station in the procession is that of the main body; for it does nothing except march under orders.

Mrs. Arlington was in the main body, and just marched with the others. She went to the opera; she went to the horse show; she went to a prescribed number of entertainments; she went to the usual functions. For several seasons she kept her place in the ranks, then she slackened; her uniform wasn't quite so jaunty, nor worn with such effect; her step dragged a little at times, though she smiled and pretended it was a stumble; and her face, despite its "pipe clay," began to show the strain. At length she dropped, dropped right down; so the ambulance was sent for, and she was carried out of the ranks.

"Utter exhaustion," said Dr. Disney, as he laid his practiced fingers on her wrist, feeling, in that tender, delicate way of his, for the pulse which he knew was both feeble and irregular. "Tired out," he murmured, sympathetically, after he had found the pulse, for it was even weaker and more intermittent than he had feared.

"Mrs. Arlington must have a complete rest," he said in the library to Mr. Arlington, when he had completed his examination. "She has been overdoing of late. Too much care; too much responsibility; too many burdens for one so sensitive and highly organized."

"Too much care!" repeated Philip Arlington, after Dr. Disney had gone, and he was thinking over what the doctor had said. "She had no care whatever, at least none that I knew of."

"Too much responsibility!" he went on. "What possible responsibility did she have?"

"Too many burdens!" he continued. "But what woman had a lighter or easier life?"

He had taken her from a little parsonage back among the Connecticut hills, where for years her father had ministered to a well-meaning but rather austere people. In this quiet country home her life, though limited in many ways, was as free from taint as the snow which lay, a heavenly white, gleaming in the winter's sun. No flower of the early summer was more deliciously sweet or innocent as she stood beside him on that June morning in her father's little church, and repeated the solemn words which fell so impressively from her father's lips.

They had known each other from childhood. Phil Arlington had been

* This is a chapter from "Dwellers in Gotham," by Annan Dale. William Briggs, Toronto, Publisher.

her sturdy little champion when they both attended the district school. He fought her battles every time it was necessary, and a good many times when it was not necessary. He pulled her sled with his as they went to the top of the hill where the "coast" started, and woe betide the boy who "interfered" or attempted to "run her down." Once Bill Jukes, who was steering the "double runner" upon which she was a passenger, managed to tip over the whole load in a way which was too awkward to be accidental; but though Phil said nothing then, yet next morning, when Bill Jukes appeared in school, his nose was demoralized, his upper lip was badly cut, and his face had various signals of distress. The fact that Phil could not hold either pen or pencil in his right hand for two or three days was never fully explained, but somehow there was an impression all through the school that the condition of Phil's hand accounted for Bill Jones' nose.

After Phil went to Dan Hubbard's grocery store as a sort of clerk, it was noticed that Jennie Randall had a great many errands in that grocery store, and never complained, no matter how often her mother sent her to make purchases.

It was a sad day for both of them when Phil went to New York to enter upon business, but he went with her picture in his heart, her kiss upon his lips, and her father's promise to give her to him when he had a home ready.

All these things went through Mr. Arlington's mind as with sad, anxious face he sat in his library, pondering the words of Dr. Disney, "Too much care; too much responsibility; too many burdens."

"And what care had she?" he kept asking himself. He forgot that she had self-care, self-interests, the most distressing of care; for a life which has no interests but its own is self-absorbed, and, having no centrifugal force to swing it out upon an orbit of usefulness, is soon drawn within the narrowest of circles, and becomes a poor, helpless thing.

And the same was true of her burdens and responsibilities. They were all her own. There was nothing vicarious in them. She was not bearing or suffering for others. Her life had no great motive in it, which, like the fly-wheel of an engine, holds and balances the power.

The machine, therefore, went all to pieces, and though Dr. Disney knew that the case was a very serious one, yet it was even more serious than he imagined.

Perhaps if Philip Arlington had been content with his fair proportion of "bread," all this would not have happened. While he was labouring for more than he ever could consume, his wife was dying of soul hunger. He had vowed most solemnly "to love and to cherish," and while in one way he had done both, in another way he had done neither.

Mrs. Arlington would have been content with coarse, cheap "bread" if with it she could have had the joy and companionship of the one whose presence made all of life for her.

"Phil," she said one day, as he sat beside her couch, for she was now unable to leave her room, "I wish you would send for Elinor."

"I have sent for her," he answered. "She will be here to-morrow, though I meant it as a pleasant surprise for you."

"Thank you," she gratefully responded. "I am sorry to call her home just now, but I feel very lonely at times. You see, you are away so much;" and there was a catch in her voice which suggested the possibilities of a sob.

On the morrow Elinor came. She had been away a great deal during the past few years, for Mr. Arlington preferred that both her preparatory and college work should be done at some distance from the city, Elinor not being specially vigorous or robust.

Mother and daughter soon began to understand each other, the inner life of the one being quickened by illness, and that of the other by sympathy; and like flowers turning to the light, so they turned toward each other. Consequently, out of a relation which in the beginning was almost formal, there came up a holy affection which blossomed in exquisite beauty, filling the whole house with its sweet and delicious fragrance.

"My life, Elinor, has been a sad mistake," Mrs. Arlington said one morning, as Elinor sat beside her mother's bed, having just closed a book from which she had been reading. "I have lived only for myself," she went on, "and it has been poor, pitiful living."

Early that morning, long before Elinor was awake, Mrs. Arlington's memories had gone back to the lit-

tle parsonage in the Connecticut hills. She had heard the little birds sing in the rich, sweet notes of her girlhood, notes that lifted themselves into the bending sky, and went on to join the chorus of the angels. She had heard the hum of the bees, as they came and went from the honeysuckle at the door of the manse, taking something of its wondrous sweetness, but leaving enough to fill the air with the dainty perfume.

She had heard her father's voice as in the little garden his song broke out:

> "Awake, my soul, and with the sun
> Thy daily stage of duty run."

She had heard her mother calling her as was her wont, "Jennie!" "Jennie!" a tender, loving emphasis upon each word.

The dear little parsonage is now occupied by strangers. Her father sleeps not far from the church in which he had ministered for so many years. Beside his grave is that of her mother, while she is here, alone in this mighty city, looking sadly back upon days which never can return.

"Elinor," she said, at another time when they were alone and were having one of their serious heart-to-heart talks, "I have heard the cry of the children and the moan of the poor, but I was so taken up with my own concerns that I gave them no heed. Oh, I am ashamed to die, for I have done nothing for any one but myself!"

"Disturbed sleep. Feverish conditions. Restless nights," said Dr. Disney, even more tenderly and sympathetically, for he was now fully aware of the extreme gravity of Mrs. Arlington's illness.

"Nora," she said one day, for that was her pet name for Elinor, "I am not going to exact a promise from you, but if you have opportunity will you do something for me after—after I am gone?" looking wistfully into the tearful face of her daughter.

Elinor could not speak, but Mrs. Arlington felt the silent promise which was made.

"Then do something for those to whom life is so hard, and for whom so little is being done. Perhaps in some way you can atone for my selfishness and sin," turning her poor, worn face to the window, and looking out with weary, anxious eyes upon the sky, from which the light was now fading.

After a few moments she spoke again: "You can do what you think best. Perhaps you might put a bed in some hospital, or a room in a home for old people, or something else may seem even better; but whatever you do, remember me, dear, won't you?"

Then came the terrible days when Philip Arlington would joyously have given his whole fortune if he could only have gone back and started life with her once more. And how different the new life would be! But it was too late. The bread for which she had hungered so long was not now within reach, and she starved to death!

At first Mr. Arlington hardly realized the full force of the blow, but gradually there came upon him a feeling of utter desolation. For a time he tried to absorb himself even more fully in business, hoping in this way to deaden something of his pain, but when he returned in the evening the house seemed so lonely and deserted, more like a house inhabited by ghosts and shadows than by living, human creatures.

Elinor did the best she could to comfort the stricken man, but his grief was too deep and his sorrow too heavy for even such sympathy as hers. And then came the bitter remembrance that he had neglected his wife, that in his eager, determined pursuit of wealth he had left her alone, and that had it not been for his selfishness she might still be with him. At such times conscience was implacable. Sternly it directed his horror-stricken eyes to scenes and events back in the distant years. Poor Philip Arlington! The world said that he was a rich man, but at heart he was poor and desolate.

One morning the rising bell rang out as loudly as it ever did, but Philip Arlington did not hear it. He would never hear it again!

Dr. Disney said it was angina pectoris, and so filled out the certificate; but had he given the common translation—breast pang—only allowing the pang to be of the spirit and not of the flesh, his return to the registrar would have been the exact truth. While yet in the very prime of life, with what should have been his best years still before him; with strength and time and opportunity all spent upon pursuits that were purely selfish; with no memorial of life or character save that which could be written on a balance sheet, Philip Arlington passed out from the world of men, leaving everything behind him, and going as poor as when he was born into the unseen and unknown.

THE OLD TESTAMENT UNDER FIRE.

*A DIGEST OF DR. BEHRENDS' BOOK.**

BY THE REV. J. S. ROSS, D.D.

I.

Dr. Behrends is pastor of the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn, N.Y., and was led at a particular crisis to consider seriously the questions involved in the Higher Criticism. He objects to the terms Higher and Lower Criticism as unfortunate and misleading, and thinks all questions of this description should be divided into the following classes: textual, literary and historical. He believes that literary criticism apart from, or in contradiction to, history is mischievous, and that only.

Of higher critics so-called there are gradations, some more radical than others, but though they do not all agree among themselves, yet they have certain fairly well-defined characteristics which will be considered further on.

Our author considers that the questions which criticism raises cannot be settled by argument; demonstration is out of the question, only probability can be reached, and even then much depends upon presuppositions and peculiarities. As there are no perfect eyes or ears, so there are no perfect critics. Each man brings his own temperament to the task. The principles of literary criticism have never been formulated, and where attempted, have been squarely overthrown by the facts. Hence there is room for conjecture. Some think the style of the Elohist is easiest of detection, others the Jahvist; others, that the redactor, or editor, has tampered with all the styles: and then who knows but the mischievous redactor has himself been the original compiler, who might have been Moses, as well as anybody else. The argument based on style is very fallacious. Grant was both a General and a President, but there is and can be no similarity between his despatches and reports from the battle-field and his presidential messages. The argument is based on the supposition that a poet could not write good prose, and *vice versa*. Coleridge did both well.

According to the critics the problems raised are insoluble. Not one of the documents exists in its original integrity—the redactor has scissored them all. Not only are there four imperfect documents, but each has been compiled from many sources. The older scholars placed the Elohist first, but now he is ranked last. The Mosaic authorship was denied on the ground that his age was illiterate, and that writing was unknown. All that was needed to overturn this argument was to prove that writing was known, and if so, Moses might be the author so far as that difficulty was concerned. But what a peasant woman found twelve years ago between Thebes and Memphis, now called the Tel-el-Marna tablets, prove that two thousand years before Christ, one hundred years before Abraham, there were royal libraries in Egypt, Babylonia and Palestine, and that an active correspondence was carried on between these widely separated countries. Both Moses and Abraham lived in an age of written documents. Abraham, therefore, cannot be a myth.

One thing criticism has been forced to grant, namely, there was a Moses. When Dr. J. P. Thompson met the famous Lepsius, of the Royal University, Berlin, he incidentally mentioned that he hoped at a future time to write a little book on Moses. The German professor gazed on him, and then exploded, saying, "But, mein Gott, there never was a Moses." That was the fashion fifty years ago, but now, even the destructive higher critics have been compelled to admit his existence.

In nearly all classes of higher criticism the four following unwarrantable assumptions are made: (1) A denial of supernatural revelation and guidance. It sneers at miracles, and discredits any history which contains them. (2) It resolves predictions into happy guesses, or regards them as *post eventum*. (3) Where a statute is generally disregarded and violated it could not have existed. (4) A steady upward evolution is the uniform and universal law of history; that therefore Israel could by no possibility have fallen from monotheism into idolatry, but must have risen from fetichism into monotheism. To take all this for granted, and then to prove the recorded history incredible and mislead-

* "The Old Testament Under Fire." By A. J. F. Behrends, D.D., S.T.D. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

ing is a needless task. But each one of these assumptions is discredited by history. Let Theism be granted and miracles *are* possible, while the fact of the resurrection of Christ cannot be overthrown. The Golden Rule is not even now obeyed: therefore is it true that it was never uttered? Is it true that there has been an unbroken line of upward development? On the contrary, history is full of political and religious apostasies. The early days of Greece and Rome were the brightest and the best. Primitive Christianity was better than that of the Middle Ages, and our theological reformers are even now crying, "Back to Christ."

Higher criticism makes charges of wholesale literary forgery against the Old Testament writers. For instance, Deuteronomy is declared not to have been found by Hilkiah in Josiah's reign, but, instead, written by Hilkiah himself, and palmed off upon the king and nation as a credible record of what Moses commanded in the plains of Moab, and declaring that Moses never actually gave such commands, nor delivered the farewell address recorded as his: that Hilkiah imagined what Moses might or must have said. They tell us that this pious act must not be condemned as a forgery, that literary methods were not so strict then as now, that wholesale plagiarism was universally practised, and that the emergency which confronted Josiah was such that extraordinary methods were needed to meet it. And all this forged and false history came from men who hated and denounced lying!

In a similar manner the Pentateuch is said to be the product of an ambitious priesthood, after the exile in Babylon, who invented the whole series of patriarchal stories. Moses cannot be regarded as its author, they say, for that would involve the high antiquity of the first chapter of Genesis. The Psalter is brought down to the period of Nehemiah's second temple, and of course David vanishes from its pages altogether. The book of Chronicles, so they say, was fabricated by some priest, and is totally unworthy of credence. Canon Driver and Professor Briggs shrink from the plain charges of forgery preferred by Kuenen and Wellhausen, but save the main actors by the use of dexterous phrases. Driver, for example, calls Deuteronomy, found by Hilkiah, a "parenetic setting." Some one, they say, steeped in the philosophy and theology of Deuteronomy, which is assumed to have been produced in the seventh century before Christ, about the time of Josiah's reign, is declared to have thrust his views into the entire literature from Moses to Chronicles, and the prophets themselves are regarded as victims of the same hallucination. The result is expressed in the phrase "idealized history," which is applied with equal facility to Jonah, Judges, Exodus, Samuel and Kings. In plain speech idealized history is idealized nonsense. It simply means fiction and fable. The man who invents his facts, or distorts them, is not a man who can be trusted in telling us what the invented facts mean.

Even if there are difficulties of harmonization there are similar difficulties elsewhere without impeaching the honour or honesty of the writers. If we had only Matthew, Mark and Luke we might conclude our Lord's ministry lasted only one year, but John's gospel compels us to adopt a different chronology. There are varying reports of the Lord's Prayer, of the Sermon on the Mount, of Christ's dying utterances, and of his resurrection. There is no agreement as to the hour of the day on which the battle of Waterloo was fought. There are square contradictions as to the place where Bismarck and Napoleon met at Sedan, but Napoleon surrendered at Sedan.

In this bewildering debate the one absolutely fixed point is that Christ read the same Old Testament which lies in our hands. The Pentateuch, the historical and prophetical books, the Psalms and the other poetic pamphlets existed in their present form when He lived. He read them, He appealed to them as authority, He accepted them. When He smote the Devil and the Pharisees alike with the sword of the Spirit, saying, "It is written," he referred exclusively to the Old Testament as we now have it. What was satisfactory to Christ ought to be so to us. In younger days we were told there never was a Homer: that the Iliad was not from the pen of any single poet, known or unknown, that it was composite in its structure, built up by slow accretions, and legendary throughout. The excavations of Schlieman have reversed all that. The site of Troy has been discovered, and there was a Homer.

When it is denied that the last twenty-seven chapters of Isaiah are from the pen of that prophet, the fact that the book of Isaiah has always contained them must be allowed to have some weight. It is suspicious that they who deny the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch and who declare Isaiah to be composite can do no better than assign them to some great unknown, and cannot fix even the time

when he lived. The result only gives us an indefinite number of Elohists, and Jahvists, and Deuteronomists, and Redactors, shadowy and unsubstantial figures whose number even cannot be determined. The scissoring and patching become bewildering.

Eighty years ago, in 1819, Archbishop Whateley, then a fellow in Oriel College, and thirty-two years of age, made the sceptical school of his time the target of his wit by arguing, with apparent seriousness, that nothing was positively known concerning the life of Napoleon Bonaparte, and that it was somewhat doubtful whether such a man ever lived. A few years ago one of our American scholars, then residing in Germany, dissected the epistle to the Romans, as the critics do the Pentateuch, and made out a very good case that several documents could clearly be traced in its structure. Of course many laughed; the critics sneered, but they winced as they sneered. Professor Green has shown that it is as easy to make out the dual structure of the parable of the Prodigal Son, as to dissect the story of Joseph into two interwoven narratives. There is not an oration, or essay, or poem which could not be shown to be composite in its structure.

The debate for the most part concerns the period between Ezra, 450 B.C., and Moses, 1491 B.C. a little over a thousand years. In connection with the subject of dispute it is worthy of remark that the translation of the Hebrew Scriptures into Greek was begun in 280 B.C., and finished about 150 B.C. Not one of our present books is missing in the Septuagint. Add 280 to 1899 and we have 2179 years during which long period the Old Testament has been what it is now. It is only a modest claim that these books must have been known and in general circulation one or two hundred years before 280 B.C., which brings us to the time of Ezra.

The statement that scholarship is practically a unit for the radical criticism cannot be made good. It is not true of Europe; it is not true of America. In the famous theological faculties of Germany are seventy-three theological professors. Thirty of these belong to the radical school, and forty-three belong to the moderate and conservative ranks. Seventeen books from the pens of American scholars and specialists, written within the last fifteen years, are every one of them conservative in tone. Orthodoxy has nothing to do with the problem. The criticism concerns the historical value of the documents which make up our present Pentateuch.

The claims of modern radical criticism are as follows: Moses did not write the Pentateuch; some things may have been recorded by him, but not very much. The wilderness history of the tabernacle has been invented. The whole story of the giving of the law from Mount Sinai is a poetic invention. In general the historical material of the Pentateuch is treated as worthless. The name Moses was simply used in the enactments to give them some show of authority. It is seen from this that the veracity of Exodus is denied, and as for the narratives in Genesis their historical reality is surrendered. It is claimed by them that the so-called historical books must be expurgated before they can be used as evidence.

These critics assume that the Pentateuch is primarily a *book of laws*, and that the history is subordinate to the legislation. Let up read the book for ourselves, and we will find the very reverse to be true. From cover to cover the five books of Moses are history, and the laws inserted only as part of the history. The historic thread is renewed in Joshua, and carried on through the books of Judges, Samuel and Kings. Narrative is the primary and pervading element.

DISGUISED BLESSINGS.

If we could see beyond the cares oppressing
We'd find the very gifts we daily crave,
The heaven-sent cross oft brings an earthly blessing,
Sweet joys arise to bloom on sorrow's grave;
Beneath our bitter anguish lies the treasure
We've long years sought, in many ways, in vain,
Our pain is oft the harbinger of pleasure,
Our losses sometimes prove our truest gain.
Then perish doubt and hushed be sad complaining,
For mortal faith is frail and sight is dim,
There's One who rules our lives in love constraining;
Be still and murmur not, but trust in Him.

Toronto. —*Katharine A. Clarke.*

The World's Progress.

THE OLD KING.

All we have of freedom—all we use or know—
This our fathers bought us, long and long ago,
Ancient Right unnoticed as the breath we draw—
Leave to live by no man's leave, under the Law.

Lance and torch and tumult, steel and grey-goose wing,
Wrenched it, inch and ell and all, slowly from the King ;
Till our fathers 'stablished, after bloody years,
How our King is one with us, first among his peers.

So they bought us freedom—not at little cost—
Wherefore must we watch the King, lest our gain be lost,
Over all things certain, this is sure indeed ;
Suffer not the old King ; for we know the breed !

Here is naught unproven—here is naught to learn,
It is written what shall fall, if the King return ;
He shall mark our goings ; question whence we came,
Set his guards about us, all in Freedom's name.

He shall take his tribute, toll of all our ware,
He shall change our gold for arms—arms we may not bear ;
He shall break his Judges if they cross his word,
He shall rule above the Law, calling on the Lord.

He shall heed our whispers, for the night shall bring
Watchers 'neath our window, lest we mock the King—
Hate and all division ; host of hurrying spies ;
Money poured in secret, carrion breeding flies.

Strangers of his council, hirelings of his pay,
These shall deal our Justice ; sell, deny, delay ;
We shall drink dishonour, we shall eat abuse—
For the Land we look to—for the Tongue we use.

We shall take our station, dirt beneath his feet,
While his hired captains jeer us in the street ;
Cruel in the shadow, crafty in the sun,
Far beyond his borders shall his teaching run.

Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled—
Laying on a new land evil of the old ;
Long-forgotten bondage, dwarfing heart and brain—
All our fathers died to loose he shall bind again.

Step by step and word by word ; who is ruled may read.
Suffer not the old Kings—for we know the breed—
All the right they promise—all the wrong they bring.
Stewards of the Judgment, suffer not this King !

—*Rudyard Kipling, in the London Times.*

The Transvaal Crisis.

Mr. Kipling's parable very clearly sets forth the wrongs of the Outlanders, the crimes of the tyrannical oligarchy, misnamed the Transvaal Republic. The patience of Britain has been strained to the breaking point. Dreadful as the alternative of battle and bloodshed is, it cannot, we think, be said that Britain has gone into this conflict wantonly, or with a light heart. Possibly there is room for criticism as to some of the acts of Mr. Chamberlain, certainly there is for the reckless Jameson Raid ; but these in no degree condone the flagrant wrongs, tyrannies, and oppression of the South African Republic. Up to the very last Britain was anxious for the peaceful settlement of the long-standing grievances of the Outlanders. Kruger's insolent

ultimatum flung the sword into the scales. Now at great cost of treasure and of blood these wrongs must be righted, and the same liberties secured for Britons beyond the Vaal as are enjoyed by the Dutch at the Cape.

It is the veriest nonsense, if not hypocrisy, for the Boers to claim that they are fighting the battles of freedom. They are very fond of liberty, says Mr. Garrett, a member of the Cape Assembly, so fond of it that they wish to keep it all themselves. On the other hand, nothing is more manifest than that in this conflict, to use the words of the Premier of Canada, "Great Britain stands in the defence of a holy cause, in the defence of holy justice, for the defence of the oppressed, for the enfranchisement of the down-trodden, and for the advancement of liberty, progress and civilization."

Foreign Opinion.

It is very gratifying to find that these sentiments are shared by the chief organs of public opinion in the United States. One of the foremost of these in influence, the New York *Independent*, says :

"The present crisis cannot be dissociated from the whole history of Boer rule in South Africa. It commenced with a brutal treatment of the natives, unequalled in the relations of civilized with uncivilized peoples. As fast as they found the freedom for such treatment abridged, they withdrew from one place to another until they established themselves in the Transvaal. Still the same spirit dominated them, and they were in perpetual strife. When they found that British rule was closing in around them they commenced a series of negotiations with other European powers, hoping thus to secure a counter influence in their behalf. Then came intrigues among their kinsmen in the Free State and Cape Colony, and the assertion that Boer funds supplied the treasury of the Afrikander party is generally believed.

"During all this time not once has the Transvaal Government manifested any desire to do what the rest of the world has considered to be justice. It has made promise after promise, then withdrawn, then advanced counter propositions, until it seemed impossible to know just what the situation was.

"Sir Alfred Milner has shown a patience, as well as firmness, deserving of all praise. He has been well supported, too, by Mr. Chamberlain, who has kept in close line with Lord Salisbury. All have realized that such a war as would follow would be terrible, both in loss of life and in general disaster. They realize also that there are things worse than war, and that to permit the development of so reactionary a power as the Transvaal has shown itself to be means permanent injury to the whole of South Africa. Therefore," it adds, "that country must not be a continuous festering spot dangerous to the peace of the entire continent."

The boulevardiers of Paris and the yellow journals of Vienna and Berlin, mindful of Fashoda and the Flying Squadron, may rail and rage at the rousing of the British Lion. But strong in the sense of a righteous cause and of just aims, the ancient guardian of liberty will continue to do her needful police work in righting the wrongs done her subjects in any quarter of the world. Never was the proud boast, "Civis Britannicus Sum," prouder than it is to-day.

Already the hardships and cruelties of war are brought home to "the man in the street" by the brief triumph of the Boers in pounding to pieces with artillery a railway train. Other losses will follow, and to many a British home desolation and mourning shall come. This is the costly price paid for the rights and liberties of man.

The commercial barometer promptly feels the disturbance caused by war. The impressment of sixty-seven ships for the transport of as many thousand troops has already sent up ocean rates fifty per cent. When did ever a nation despatch with such celerity and ease so great an army to so distant a field ?

Hands All Round.

One of the most notable consequences of this defiance of the Motherland by the Boer Republic has been the outburst of loyalty from the British Colonies around the world. In the words of Scripture, "Her sons shall come from far. From Australia, from New Zealand, from India, from the Dominion of Canada, the flower of our youth offer their lives for the defence of the Motherland. Nothing has ever so shown the unity and solidarity of the Empire. God grant that there may be slight need for their guns, and that they may soon return to the peaceful industries of life. As the greatest of Britain's dependencies, Canada sends the largest contingent to the seat of war. Sure we are that none will be more loyal or more brave in the face of danger than these sons of Canada.

Mr. Pitcher's instructive and interesting article on page 453 gives a very clear survey of the Transvaal Question.

Close up the Ranks.

They are not the best friends of Canada who, whether in the pulpit or in the press, on the eve of a great crisis that may shake the world, stir up racial animosities and strife between the French and English in this Dominion. In the providence of God we must dwell side by side in this land and work out together its high destiny. Let us dwell together in peace. It was a French Minister of the Crown who said that the last shot fired for the defence of British authority in Canada would be fired by a French musket. Hundreds of French voltigeurs risked their lives at Chateauguay, and, unless provoked by taunts and insult, the French will be as loyal as any to the Queen. There is difference of opinion in Great Britain as to the ethics of the present war. Mr. Morley, Frederick Harrison, Mr. Stead strongly utter their protests. Shall we be less tolerant for difference of opinion in this than in the Old Land?

It seems to us that a great opportunity has been lost for carrying out the peace principles of the Hague Conference. Great Britain was great enough, strong enough in the righteousness of her position, and magnanimous enough to submit her purpose to right the wrongs of the Uitlanders to a Court of Arbitration, consisting, say, of the Lord Chief Justice of England, a member of the Supreme Court of the United States, a leading Africander (Mr. Schreiner or Mr. Hofmeyer), with, say, the President of the Swiss Republic as umpire. Would not this be infinitely better than slaughtering the Boers with Maxims, dumdum bullets and lyddite shells? to say nothing of the peril of setting all Africa in a flame.

The best answer, and a crushing one it is, to the vapourings of Messrs. Redmond and Dillon in the Imperial Parliament, is that, at the very hour that they were denouncing British intervention on behalf of the oppressed Uitlanders, the gallant Irish regiment was storming the heights of Glencoe, and adding another to the many victories won for the Empire by the brave Irish hearts and hands.

The Canadian Premier at Chicago.

A few weeks ago the rumour went the rounds of the American Press that Sir Wilfrid Laurier had declined the invitation to the civic function at Chicago for fear of personal insult or peril. The warmth of his reception by the American people is the best refutation of that lie. The Premier's sunny ways seem to have captured his hosts. While standing firmly for the rights of Canada, he urged strongly the cultivation of the most cordial good-will with the United States. He explained that his use of the unfortunate word "war" in the Canadian Parliament, which excited such criticism in the United States, was simply in emphasis of the importance of settling the Alaska boundary by diplomacy or arbitration. The American press warmly reciprocated his generous sentiments, even going so far as to say that his visit was one of the most important factors in cementing the friendship of the kindred peoples.

Admiral Dewey.

Just as all the world loves a lover, so it loves a hero. This hero worship is strikingly shown in the honours paid to Lord Kitchener and Admiral Dewey, and even to the hero of Fashoda. Admiral Dewey is a modest man, and disclaimed the title to such overwhelming honours for having merely "done his duty." But that is the highest honour that any man can win, an honour confined not merely to the Admiral on the bridge, but shared by the man at the gun and the fireman in the stoke-hole.

The Venezuela Award.

Yet peace hath her victories no less renowned than those of war. The award of the court which met on the Quai D'Orsay in Paris, was a more glorious triumph than the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Manila. It substituted reason, argument, the laws of righteousness and justice for war and bloodshed and a heritage of hate in the settlement of a long standing and vexed controversy. Great Britain has good reason to be satisfied with this award. It followed almost identically the Schomburgk line which she claimed. It gives her very much more than she offered to accept in the interests of peace. "The tribunal unanimously found," says the *Monetary Times*, "that the claim made by England was just and maintainable, in almost every particular. The disputed territory covered sixty thousand square miles, of which 59,800 are awarded to England, and only two hundred to Venezuela, a good deal of it swamp. All the disputed gold-fields are hers. The Orinoco is not only to be common to both countries, but is to be free to all nations. This example of the open door should tell on the policy of less liberal nations."

But even had the award been less favourable, it would be infinitely preferable to an appeal to the sword.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

Well Begun, Half Done.

The most notable event in the history of Methodism in this land during the month and during the century was the successful launching of the Million Dollar Fund. This event was regarded with a good deal of solicitude, for a million dollars is a large sum in this country, where there is not the same accumulated capital that is found in wealthier communities. But the faith of the Church in proposing such a large and generous scheme was amply vindicated. If the proverb be true that what is well begun is half done, then the success of this great movement is already assured.

October 8th is a milestone in the progress of Canadian Methodism. The meetings held in advance of that date at London, Hamilton, Halifax, and elsewhere were an admirable preparation for a widely concerted action, especially the great historic meeting in the Metropolitan Church on October 2nd, which sounded the key-note throughout the whole Connexion. With scarcely any solicitation, by a spontaneous offering of the several churches a quarter of the entire sum was pledged. A feature of much importance is that this is essentially a laymen's movement. The leading laymen of the Church are not only the most generous givers, but also the most energetic in its promotion. We are glad, too, that such a large proportion of these pledged givings are in favour of the great enterprises of the Church. The local debts rightfully receive due recognition, but the great connexional funds also lie near the heart of these generous givers.

A Crumpled Rose-Leaf.

There is just one thing which deprived the Metropolitan meeting of ideal excellence; one crumpled rose-leaf in the path. From its very anticipation of the general movement it was impossible to have a personal canvass, hence the large and liberal sums pledged, especially from the Sherbourne Street Church, were chiefly the givings of a few wealthy and generous-hearted laymen. Thank God for such laymen who have the will and the ability to devise liberal things. But they must not be allowed to do it all. If this million dollars could be contributed by a score or a hundred men it would be a disaster, and not a blessing to the Church.

The Historic Roll.

The Methodist Church is the most thoroughly democratic Church in the world. Its great enterprises are carried on by the pence of the poor, and not by the pounds of the rich. Some one has described the financial basis of Methodism as "a penny a week and a shilling a quarter." Certainly, the apostolic principle of every one laying by in store as the Lord has prospered him for the Lord's work is the secret of the success of any Church.

The cardinal idea of the Twentieth Century Fund in the Mother Church of Methodism, in which it originated, is that every one—the last man, the last woman and child—should be represented in these givings—a million guineas from a million givers. Not that differences of ability shall not be recognized, but that the strong should bear the infirmities of the weak, that the wealthy shall help the poor, that the lonely widow in her solitude, the bed-ridden cripple, the poorest child, shall be represented on the Historic Roll. Let every one, then, be urged to do his part, however humble. Then let those who cannot give at all be helped by those who can. Some of the most pathetic and tenderest features of the movement in Great Britain are the evidences of this fellowship and sympathy in giving for the cause of God.

This does not lessen the obligation of each one to do his very utmost. The poor widow in the Scripture who cast in the two mites, all her living, into the treasury, more than all the rich and their abundance, received the special commendation of our Saviour. She would have lost this benediction had she neglected this privilege.

It is easy to sneer at the Historic Roll, and to say that it is raised almost to a level with the Book of Life. But certainly, one's name is more likely to be written on high if it be written in the book of God's Church on earth.

We are reminded of a story of a good Baptist brother in the South in the old

slavery days, who was twitted by his master on his doctrines of election :

"So, Sam, you think you are elected to eternal life ?"

"Yes, boss, I does," he replied.

"Well, what about my chances, Sam ?"

"Well, boss, I never heard of a man being elected who was not a candidate—or winning the prize who did not start in the race."

We do not say a man cannot get to heaven without belonging to the Church on earth. Far be it from us to limit the mercy of God. But he is not so likely to. It is only those who walk with Christ in white on earth who shall walk with Him in white hereafter ; only those who sing the songs of the Redeemed on earth shall sing the song of Moses and the Lamb on high.

It may be regarded as a mere matter of sentiment, this having the name of every family and every member of the family on the Historic Roll. But sentiment largely rules the world. It inspires our noblest ideals and creates the tenderest fellowships of earth. It may be a light thing in itself to have one's name, and that of one's children and their children's children inscribed on this Historic Roll, but as the years pass on it will be a memory to be cherished. It will bind our young people to the Church of God and make them feel that they share its privileges and obligations. It will make them more loyal to its institutions and enterprises, and though forgotten by men it will be remembered by God, and rewarded by Him who says that not a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple shall in any wise lose its reward.

The presentation of the claims of this great forward movement in the *Guardian* and *Wesleyan* have been strong and clear and cogent. The Missionary Society, the Supernumerary and Superannuation Funds, and the educational institutions of the Church all receive due recognition, as well as the local church debts. The serious loss sustained by Sackville University, through the recent fire, gives it a strong claim for substantial recognition. So, too, do the needs of the Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal ; of Albert College, Belleville ; of Alma College, St. Thomas ; of Wesley College, Winnipeg, and of our newest college at New Westminster.

The claims of Victoria University, our oldest chartered college, the one most comprehensive in its scope and having the largest needs, are also being recognized. The graduates and ex-students announce their purpose to raise $50,000 for their *alma mater*, a most generous offer in proportion to their numbers and means. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars in addition is urgently needed to put the university in the position which it was designed it should occupy at the time of federation, and without which it will be seriously crippled in its work.

The Pan-Presbyterian Council.

Since our last issue two notable assemblies have been held. At the Pan-Presbyterian Council at New York were represented some twenty-four branches of the Presbyterian Church. High honour was done Canada by electing Dr. William Caven, principal of Knox College, president of the Alliance for the next four years, and of the Council which is to meet at Liverpool at the end of that time. No man is more beloved and revered in all the Churches of Canada, or will more worthily and more meekly bear the high honours of this office. Of Dr. Caven the *Independent* well says :

"He is not only a scholarly, but also a singularly saintly man. He is universally beloved in Canada. No man, on either side of the Atlantic, has a wider influence among the constituency of the Alliance ; no man's word commands more sincere respect."

"Probably the most notable utterance of the Council," continues the *Independent*, "was the remark of Dr. Caven acknowledging his election. He said : 'I fully appreciate the spirit of unity, but I hope to live to see among these Churches also visible and organic union.'

"We hope that Principal Caven's wish may be realized, and that he may live to see visible and organic union accomplished between many of the Churches of the 'split P's.'"

Canada has set the example to the world of union among the Presbyterian and among the Methodist Churches. We trust that its example will be followed, and that what seems to us the scandal of so many divisions among those holding the same doctrinal views may be removed.

The meeting of the International Congregational Council at Boston was also a very noteworthy occasion. One of its most delightful features was the kind words of fellowship and goodwill presented by distinguished members of the Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Unitarian Churches. President Warren,

of Boston University, ably represented the Methodists in his more than kind and cordial address.

The annual meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was held in Providence, R.I. It reported marked success in the increased givings and reduction of debt.

TORONTO DEACONESS HOME.

THE DEACONESS HOME AND TRAINING SCHOOL.

The fifth annual report of the Toronto Deaconess Home is a very encouraging document. It gives a cut of the elegant building in which the institution is housed, and the property valued at $18,000. By the generous aid, chiefly of the ladies of Toronto Methodism, this beautiful home will be well equipped and furnished for its great work. A very full staff of instructors, embracing several of the professors of our university and city ministers, gives courses of lectures. For these no charge is made except a matriculation fee of $2.00 for those lodging in the institution. Room, board, fuel and light are furnished for $3.00 a week. The purpose of the school is to furnish biblical and practical training for our Methodist young people who expect to enter city, home or foreign missionary fields, also for those who desire better equipment for Sunday-school work. It is open to both men and women, those residing in the city being admitted as day students, who shall have the privilege of all class work and lectures on the payment of the matriculation fee.

It is earnestly hoped, says the report, that increasing numbers of students will appreciate the privileges of the school. It exists only by the labours of teachers freely giving their time, and only for the students' good. No teacher, lecturer or officer of the school receives salary for his or her services.

Pastors and others are earnestly requested to call the attention of suitable young men and women to the opportunities of study offered here, and to the urgent need of workers in missionary and deaconess fields. The Superintendent, Miss Scott, will be glad to correspond with any one on this subject, and give all necessary information to any who may desire to enter upon the work.

The full course of study covers one year. It is most desirable that students should complete the entire course.

DEACONESS NURSES.

The New Minister of St. Andrew's, Toronto.

The Rev. Armstrong Black has been inducted into his important charge. He is an important addition to the clerical strength of the country. In his first sermon, he had, says the *Presbyterian Review*, a word to say about Criticism and Evolution, but it was reassuring. The age of criticism has almost passed, he told us, and the result was most happily illustrated in the work now going on in connection with one of the great English cathedrals. Workmen were busy taking down the facade, and cleaning off the grime and dust from the carvings, numbering each stone as they cleaned it. When the work was finished they would put each stone back in its place, and the facade would rise as before, only the accretions of the centuries would be removed. There was trouble and unrest during the cleaning process, but that was almost over, and from it we shall soon find issuing the Bible, with the old truth no whit diminished, but more clear to the apprehension.

We are glad to note the honour conferred upon our old friend, Rev. Dr. Shaw, the learned Principal of Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. Dr. Shaw has received the degree of D.C.L. at the convocation of Bishop's College, Lennoxville. The fact that this recognition comes from a Church of England institution must be all the more gratifying to Dr. Shaw and to the Church which he so well represents.

The Missionary Board of our Church held its annual sessions in the ancient Capital of Canada, the Fortress City of Quebec. It is a significant fact that in this famous centre of Roman Catholic influence, from which two centuries and a half ago Jesuit missionaries were sent throughout New France, from Labrador to the Pacific Coast, that now the largest of the Protestant Churches meets to administer its missions throughout the still vaster region, from Bermuda and Newfoundland to the Klondike, Japan, and the western borders of China, two thousand miles up the Yang-tse River. The Society reports substantial increase in income, and marked prosperity in all its operations.

"We congratulate," says the *Western Christian Advocate*, "the American Temperance University on securing, as Instructor in Political Science and Economics, Dr. George Milton Hammell, candidate for Governor of Ohio on the Prohibition ticket." Dr. Hammell is a highly esteemed contributor to this Magazine. He has also shown his good taste by securing a Canadian wife. We wish them both great success in this new sphere.

The Journal of the First Quadrennial General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has just been published, one hundred and seven years after the holding of the Conference in 1792. While it will not be of much benefit to the members of that body, it possesses historic importance which makes it of permanent value. Dr. Neely has gathered the information from many sources, presenting, on the whole, a very interesting pamphlet. Price, 25 cents net. Cincinnati : Curts & Jennings.

We understand that the Orillia District meeting passed a resolution urging the importance of religious instruction at the provincial institution for the feeble-minded in that vicinity. If these children can be taught to use hand and brain in secular learning surely they would receive benefit from religious instruction as well as those in similar institutions in the Old Land. We hope the Government will furnish an opportunity for holding at least a Sunday-school by volunteer help for the benefit of the feeble-minded, who so greatly need the comforts and consolations of religion.

The Woman's Missionary Society again records a prosperous year. It has a membership of twenty thousand women, and an income of $40,131. It has a balance on hand to begin the year with of $47,387. What a boon it would be if the parent society only had a similar fund to meet its still larger expenditure. It would thus save many thousand dollars a year in interest. The expenditure for the year amounted to $27,261 for Japan ; $4,775 for Indian work ; $4,862 for China.

Religious Notes.

A day of humiliation has been appointed by the Bishop of Rochester, in view of the irreligion, vice, and crime of London, the southern portion of which is in his diocese.

The Bishop of Selkirk, in Canada's Northwest Territory, has probably the largest see in the world, as it extends over 200,000 square miles of territory, part of which includes the Klondike goldfields.

England has a mission to deep-sea fishermen, including especially the fishermen of the North Sea and off the Newfoundland banks. The society has eleven boats which systematically visit the "floating villages" in both sections. Each is fitted as a hospital, a church, and a reading-room, and every effort is made to supply the mariners with everything that can make their life more enjoyable as well as minister to their spiritual needs.

"There are five hundred ministers of the Congregational body," says an American paper, "seeking pastorates and unable to find them or to get any work." A similar state of things is revealed in the Presbyterian, Baptist, and several other denominations, though the testimony is not uniform on the subject. The Methodist Church alone reports that all its churches are supplied with pastors, and all its ministers, except those retired on account of age or disability, have churches. It is the difference between a "system" and what is called a "voluntary," but would better be termed the *in*voluntary, plan.

A practical student of sociology is Miss Annie Marion McLean, who has just accepted a chair in the department of sociology at Royal Victoria College, the women's branch of McGill University, Montreal. While holding a fellowship at the University of Chicago, in order to thoroughly understand the condition of women and children employed in the large department stores, she joined the ranks of the retail clerks during the rush of the holiday trade last Christmas.

A correspondent of the *Interior* describes in a late letter the recent annual meeting of the Presbyterian State Synod of Washington, which, we believe, has never been paralleled by any similar ecclesiastical body in the circumstances under which it convened. Its sessions were held during a steamer trip to Alaska —a sea voyage of two thousand miles, twelve days in length—part of the time on shipboard and occasionally in a church on land, where this itinerant Synod stopped *en route*. There were 215 that united in the synodical excursion; stops were made at Fort Wrangel, Skaguay, Glacier Bay, Hoonah Mission, Metlakahtla, and other points; missions were inspected, Indians and miners and isolated settlements and workers were visited and cheered, sacramental services were held, shared in by copper-coloured converts, $400 was contributed for the native work, which deeply moved the tourists, who returned to their home fields not only with physical recuperation, but newly consecrated to their tasks; the glimpse which had been afforded them of victories achieved for Christ amid primitive idolatrous and adverse surroundings having given the whole party a new vision of the possibilities of grace and a new faith in the power of the Gospel.

Recent Deaths.

The many friends of the Rev. W. J. Hewitt will learn with regret of his death, which took place in England on September 6th. Mr. Hewitt came to Canada forty years ago, and for over thirty years rendered invaluable service to the cause of Methodism in this land. He went to the North-West in 1880 to help lay broad and deep the foundation of Methodism in the Prairie Province. In this work he had very marked success. In 1892 failing health caused him for a time to cease work, and he returned to his native land, where he was restored to the active work, and died in the harness.

The death of Cornelius Vanderbilt removed from the busy scenes of time one of the richest men in America, a man, too, who recognized the obligations of wealth. His benefactions were munificent, but more than money, he gave himself also to the supervision of his religious charities. He devoted much time to Sunday-school work, and established and richly endowed the Y.M.C.A. in connection with the New York Central Railway. His son, though heir to such vast wealth, has been trained as an expert in railway science, has invented a valuable railway brake, and, like our own Lord Aberdeen, is at home in running a locomotive engine.

Rev. John Gibson, of Nepean, of the Montreal Conference, passed away from labour to reward October 12th. "His illness," says Dr. Rose, "was brief, and his end triumphant. Mr. Gibson was an able brother, faithful, true-hearted, and loyal to his Master. He met death like a hero." Brother Gibson began to travel as a minister in 1875. His work has been entirely in the Montreal Conference, where he won a "good degree among his brethren." He was a faithful minister of the New Testament, and very successful in his work.

"THE GREAT COMPANY."*

One of the most fascinating books ever published by Washington Irving is his "Astoria," an account of the fur trade in the north-west coast of America. The romance of that book, however, is far surpassed by the record of the great trading company which for two centuries controlled the northern part of this continent. That story has never been told in detail till now. Mr. Willson's volume is founded upon ample research in material furnished by The Great Company.

In the year 1670, at the solicitation of Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle, King Charles II. created by royal charter the "Company of merchants adventurers trading to Hudson's Bay." With characteristic lavishness the king granted to this company the sole trade and commerce of the vast and vaguely defined regions, to which access may be had through Hudson's Straits. Forty years before this, Louis XIII. had made a similar grant to the "Company of New France," and for nearly a hundred years there was a keen and eager rivalry between these hostile corporations. In order to control the lucrative fur-trade, the Hudson's Bay Company planted forts and factories at the mouths of the Moose, Albany, Nelson, Churchill, and other rivers flowing into Hudson's Bay. Again and again, adventurous bands of Frenchmen, like D'Iberville and his companions, made bloody raids upon these posts, murdering their occupants, burning the stockades, and carrying off the rich stores of peltries.

After the conquest, numerous independent fur-traders engaged in this profitable traffic. In 1783, these formed a junction of interests and organized the North-West Company. For forty years this was one of the strongest combinations in Canada. Its energetic agents explored the vast North-West regions.

Keen was the rivalry with the older Hudson's Bay Company, and long and bitter was the feud between the two great corporations, each of which coveted a broad continent as a hunting-ground and preserve for game. The headquarters of the North-West Company were at Fort William, on Lake Superior. Its clerks were mostly young Scotchmen, of good families, whose characteristic thrift and fidelity were encouraged by a share in the profits of the fur-trade. The partners of the company travelled in feudal state, attended by a retinue of boatmen and servants, "obedient as Highland clansmen." The grand councils and banquets in the thick-walled state chamber at Fort William were occasions of lavish pomp and luxury. Sometimes as many as twelve hundred retainers, factors, clerks, voyageurs and trappers were assembled, and held for a time high festival, with a strange blending of civilized and savage life.

The feud between these rival companies led to some disastrous conflicts, and to the tragedies which accompanied the planting of the Red River Settlement. These are graphically described in Mr. Willson's volume, as is, in fact, the whole history of the Company for over two hundred years. The book is illustrated with eighty-two engravings, including many full-page plates. It is an admirable specimen of book-making, and gives a graphic record of the development of one of the greatest commercial companies of the world, which for long decades wielded an almost imperial power.

* "The Great Company." Being a History of the Honourable Company of Merchants-Adventurers, trading into Hudson's Bay. By Beckles Willson. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. 8vo, pp. xxii-541. Price, $3.00.

LOSS AND GAIN.

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it;
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit;
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit;
That has the world here—should he need the next,
Let the world mind him!
This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking shall find Him. —*Browning.*

Book Notices.

Justice to the Jew. The Story of What he has Done for the World. By MADISON C. PETERS, Pastor of Bloomingdale Church, New York City. Pp. xv–359. New York : F. Tennyson Neely. Toronto : William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

For many centuries the Jew has been subject to bitter persecution in many lands :

" Anathema maranatha ! was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to street ;
At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.

" They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and mire ;
Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire."

In the great square of Frankfort, the home of the Rothschilds, a public placard announced, "No Jews nor swine admitted to this square." They were compelled to wear a yellow patch on their gabardines to indicate their nationality. They were driven at the point of the spear on Good Friday to St. Peter's Church. Their teeth were drawn to make them pay an enormous fine. They were harried and pillaged and plundered without mercy. And this very year of grace they have been threatened with a new massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the crowning act of injustice of the century has been wreaked upon an unfortunate Jew.

We are glad of the chivalry that leads a Christian minister to come to the defence of this downtrodden race, to demand justice for the Jew, and to show the debt of Christianity and civilization to the race of Abraham. Dr. Peters refutes the charge that the Jews, maintaining their tribal relation, cannot be patriots in the land of their adoption. He shows that wherever the Jew found a friend in his country, his country found a friend in him ; that they have reached high rank in all nations which accepted their service. In the British army and navy are a hundred and forty-five Jewish officers. In the rank and file they have fought valiantly and died bravely for their adopted country. There were over four thousand Jews in the American army during the recent war with Spain.

But it is especially in the arts of peace that the sons of Abraham excel. When Europe was benighted by the darkness of the Middle Ages, the Jews were the torch-bearers of the world. Even the Popes who burned the Jews, and the monarchs who persecuted them, employed Jewish physicians. "The sons of Israel were distinguished in the arts and sciences centuries before our Latin alphabet was fixed, long before Cyril and Methodius had given an alphabet to the Slavs, before Runic inscriptions were known to the Germanic races of the North. The Germans are the greatest Jew-baiters in the world and look upon them as foreigners in Germany, forgetting the fact that Cæsar found Jews residing on the Rhine enjoying the comforts of civilization when the ancestors of the German Gentiles were roaming wild in the forests, clad in boar-skins, and chasing the wild aurochs."

"Poet, lawyer, painter, actor, statesman, physician, musician," says Sir Walter Besant, "there is not a branch of learning, art, or science, in which the Jew is not in the front rank." In music the names of the Mendelssohns, Meyerbeer, Offenbach, Strauss, Moscheles, Sir Julius Benedict, Sir Michael Costa, Damrosch, Rubinstein, Rosenthal, Joachim, and Jules Levy, show the genius of the Jew. In the senate and the forum, in the professor's and the editor's chair they have taken high rank. Jewish bankers are the kings of finance ; but the great mass of the people are exceedingly poor, in fact, the poorest of all people that can claim to be civilized. But such Jewish philanthropists as Rothschild, Montefiore, Baron Hirsch, and Nathan Strauss prevent the Jew from becoming a burden on society, and also minister largely to Gentile needs.

Next to the Quakers the Jews are the longest lived and most healthy people in the world. The average life of the former is fifty-nine years ; of the Jew, thirty-seven, of the average Gentile, twenty-six. They are exempt from many diseases and epidemics that affect mankind. They are a law-abiding people, seldom arraigned for any crime. In domestic and social relations they are faithful and true. It is not fair, says our author, to let prejudice against individuals develop against

the race. Christians owe much to the Jews, from whom sprang the patriarchs and the prophets, the disciples and apostles of our Lord. They should repay this debt, not by hatred, scorn, and persecution, but by love and good-will.

Throne-Makers. By WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 12mo, pp. vi–329. Price, $1.50.

"Since 1789," says our author, "every European people has been busy making a throne, or seat of government and authority, from which its ruler might preside. These thrones have been of many patterns, to correspond to the diversity in tastes of races, parties and times. Often, the business of destroying seems to have left no leisure for building. In England alone have men learned how to remodel a throne without disturbing its occupants; as we in America raise or move large houses without interrupting the daily life of the families who dwell in them."

The graphic sketches in this volume set forth the salient characteristics of four of the great throne-makers of the century. "The influence of the individual on the multitude was never," continues Mr. Thayer, "more strikingly illustrated than by these careers." A united Germany and a united Italy are the monuments of Bismarck and Garibaldi. The romantic career of Napoleon is clouded with disaster and defeat. The work of Kossuth, though retarded and seemingly frustrated, was yet a presage and a prophecy of the ultimate liberty of the Magyars. In Giordano Bruno we have an example of "the hero who failed" —the prophet who was burned to death by the papal power of Rome, where three hundred years later his effigy in bronze was erected. The sketch of Tintoret is a fine appreciation of one of the greatest of the Italian masters. It is curious to know that for state portraits Titian and Tintoret received about thirty dollars. Painters who have not a hundredth part of the genius of either now receive one hundred times as much. A wonderful galaxy of talent at that time enriched the world—Cervantes, Montaigne, Shakespeare, Bacon, Galileo, Kepler, and other stars of the first magnitude. The literary portraits of Carlyle and Bryant are fine specimens of criticism. In addition to the importance of the themes treated this book possesses a distinct literary character which gives it a permanent value.

Horace Bushnell—Preacher and Theologian. By THEODORE T. MUNGER. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 12mo, pp. xiv–425. Price, $2.00.

We think that Tennyson has somewhere said, though we cannot just now verify the quotation, that "the individual withers and man is more and more." There may, amid the attritions and reactions of our busy modern life, be much truth in this. Individuality may be ground down to a general uniformity, but there are not wanting conspicuous exceptions to challenge the assertion. One of the most notable of these is Horace Bushnell, one of the great spiritual forces of the century, in whose second year he was born. By turns a school-teacher, an editor, a Yale tutor, a law student, he was converted in his twenty-ninth year, and exchanged law for theology. He spent a quarter of a century of love and labour among one people at Hartford, Connecticut. He made his pulpit a throne of power, one of the most influential in America. The bold and original language of his sermons and books laid him open to frequent charges of heresy. His much-debated book on "The Vicarious Sacrifice" set forth the moral theory of the atonement, which is always associated with his name. His writings embraced fifty-four books and papers. He was "ever a fighter," but the fervour of his polemics was hallowed by the saintliness of his character and the theological acumen, not to say genius, of the man. This book is compiled from the best sources, and gives a sketch of Bushnell's busy life and analysis of his chief works. It is a volume of such importance that we shall place it in the hands of an accomplished writer for more adequate treatment. It has excellent portraits of Dr. Bushnell in early manhood and in old age.

George Müller of Bristol, and His Witness to a Prayer-Hearing God. By ARTHUR T. PIERSON. With an Introduction by JAMES WRIGHT, son-in-law and successor in the work of George Müller. Illustrated. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 462. Price, $1.50.

Almost synchronous with the century was the life of George Müller, who passed away in 1898 in his ninety-third year. His career was one surpassing the romance of fiction. A profligate youth, he became a saint and an apostle—the grandest illustration of the power of faith that the

century has shown—a missionary of burning zeal in many lands. His noblest monument is his loving care for ten thousand orphans and the great orphan homes upon the Downs of Bristol. Dr. Pierson knew the man well, and depicts his character and records his work with loving sympathy and spiritual insight.

The record of Müller's work of faith and labour of love are evidences of Christianity that the infidel and the atheist can neither gainsay nor confute. The book is one of fascinating interest and will be a perpetual inspiration to the Church of God. The book was largely prepared at Bristol, the home of Mr. Müller, with the co-operation of his family. It is embellished with numerous illustrations, and is the authoritative biography of this eminent saint and philanthropist.

Enemies and Evidences of Christianity—Thoughts on Questions of the Hour. By JOHN DUNCAN QUACKENBOS, Columbia University. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. 12mo, pp. 335. Price, $1.50.

This book had a singular origin. In 1897 Professor Quackenbos was present at a summer assembly at Greenacre, on the Piscataqua River, Maine. "Native Brahmans, Buddhists and Parsis," he says, "were on the ground, pressing the claims of their false faiths upon a host of listeners, who were insufficiently equipped to judge of their merits, and quite willing to be deceived by the St. Audrey* wares. The righteous indignation kindled in my soul by this spectacle is perhaps venial. While standing in the Eirenaion, or Hall of Peace, I resolved, if my life were spared, to answer the arguments there advanced against the religion of Jesus Christ, in a series of addresses which would demonstrate, as far as the power might be vouchsafed to me, the pre-eminent claims of Christianity. It is with the desire of assuring souls that are swaying between doubt and belief, as well as of strengthening those who are already in the faith, that these addresses are given in their present form to the public."

Professor Quackenbos sets forth the pre-eminent claims of Christianity over the false systems of India, China and Islam; over theosophy and spiritism; over so-called Christian Science, socialism, communism, and other fads of the times. The book is one much needed. These popular delusions have carried away many unstable minds, and have led some to make shipwreck of faith. The several chapters are able refutations of error and defences of the truth. A more timely and useful book it will be hard to conceive.

* From this comes our word "tawdry."

Pioneer Life in Zorra. By REV. W. A. MACKAY, B.A., D.D., with Introduction by HON. G. W. ROSS, LL.D., M.P.P., Minister of Education for Ontario, with Portraits and Illustrations—Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, Halifax. 12mo, pp. 400. Price, $1.50.

The true history of Canada, says Professor Goldwin Smith, is written upon the tombstones of its pioneer fathers and founders. It is an important patriotic service that Dr. MacKay has rendered his country by gathering up these memories of the past, and these records of the makers of this Central Canada. No more heroic souls ever fought upon the embattled field than those knights-errant of the chivalry of peace—the men who felled the forest, ploughed the glebe, and converted the savagery of nature into a Christian civilization. The Hon. G. W. Ross, in his stirring introduction, well says, "No better stuff stood beside Nelson on board the *Victory;* no better stuff climbed the heights of Alma, or charged the dervishes at Khartoum."

Dr. Ross justly remarks: "The religious character of the pioneer was an important factor in strengthening his arm as he grappled with the difficulties of early settlement. The God that watched over him and his fathers in the land of his birth he believed was present in the forests of Canada. The qualities which enabled the pioneer to establish a home for himself and his family in the face of so many difficulties are the qualities by which nations are built, good government established, and prosperity and peace made possible. To follow in his footsteps is a guarantee that Canada will grow in influence and power as one generation follows another."

Dr. MacKay graphically describes the various aspects of pioneer life, especially its religious side—"Gangin' tae the Kirk," "Communion Sabbath," "The Catechising," "A Funeral among the Pioneers," "Superstitions—Ghosts, Witches and Goblins," "Logging-bees and Dancing-sprees," and the like. Sketches are given of several of the pioneer preachers of the Presbyterian Church, including Mackay of Formosa, also of Pioneer Methodism in Zorra. The book has numerous portraits and other illustrations.

The Man with the Hoe, and other poems. By EDWIN MARKHAM. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. 12mo, pp. 134.

No poem for many years has challenged such attention as "The Man with the Hoe," printed in the last number of this MAGAZINE. The poem is an admirable interpretation of Millet's famous picture, and describes the Breton peasant, not the sturdy Anglo-Saxon farmer. Other poems in this volume attest the breadth of sympathy of the writer, as in the one which ends, "Make way for Brotherhood, make way for Man."

That is a noble poem, too, entitled, "The Desire of Nations," based on Isaiah's prophecy, "And the government shall be upon his shoulder" (see page 426):

Yea, He will lay on souls the power of peace,
And send on kingdoms torn the sense of home—
More than the fire of joy that burned on Greece,
More than the light of law that rose on Rome.

An example of the power of compression of the author is seen in this quatrain:

I built a chimney for a comrade old,
I did the service not for hope or hire—
And then I travelled on in winter's cold,
Yet all the day I glowed before the fire.

The form of these poems, especially the sonnets, is almost perfect, but some unusual words are used, as "to hush and *heroize* the world," and in "The Toilers":

Their blind feet drift in the darkness, and no one is leading,
Their toil is the pasture, where *hyens* and harpies are feeding;

The anarchies gather and thunder: few, few are the *fraters*,
And loud is the revel at night in the camp of the traitors.

The Auld Meetin'-Hoose Green. By ARCHIBALD M'ILROY. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co., William Briggs. 12mo, pp. 260. Price, $1.25.

Mr. M'Ilroy knows Ulster like the palm of his hand. In these sketches he has done for the north of Ireland what Ian Maclaren and J. M. Barrie have done for Drumtochty and Thrums. There is a vein of Irish humour about them which is more genial than the biting sarcasm of "Jamie Soutar." The callow divinity student is considered fair game everywhere. Of the Irish specimen of the genus we read: "It was due to extreme nervousness that he prayed that he might be enabled to 'shuffle off this mortal coil,' and also that 'our thoughts might be elevated from things of sense to things of non-sense.'"

Of course, the Ulster Protestantism is of a very pronounced type, but Irish sympathy and generosity can overcome party antipathies, as when, on the evening before the "Twelfth," the Orange Lodge attended the funeral of Patsy Roach, and the next day the fife and drum band ceased playing while passing the priests' manse. Father Lynch returned thanks for their sympathy, and was heartily cheered by the Orange procession. Here is a rich field as yet little gleaned.

God's Education of Man. By WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE, President of Bowdoin College. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 12mo, pp. xii–252. Price, $1.25.

This book points with some detail the radical and far-reaching change which President Hyde conceives is taking place in modern theological conceptions. It relates in modern terms "the essential truths which the ancient doctrines of sin, redemption and sanctification sought to express." Instead of the forensic ideas of the older theology, he sets forth the filial relations of man to God. "I have sought," he says, "to present God as a wise and patient teacher, eager to impart to man lessons which it is good for him to learn; and man as a dull and stupid, often wayward and wilful, sometimes even fractious and rebellious, pupil, whom the great Teacher is patiently trying to train for usefulness and honour and blessedness and immortality."

President Hyde does not expect for his new theodicy unchallenged acceptance. "Whoever makes," he says, "even so slight an attempt at reconstruction as is presented here must expect to be charged with putting new wine into old bottles; if, indeed, his product is conceded to be wine at all."

The lucid division of the book is as follows: Control by Law; Conversion by Grace; Character through Service. It is a fresh, vigorous, stimulating and suggestive volume, well worth the study of every student of theology or thoughtful layman. The closing chapter contrasts in a very piquant manner two types of idealists: Plato and Aristotle, Kant and Hegel, Matthew Arnold and Robert Browning, Garrison and Lincoln.

Perfect Happiness. By Rev. H. T. Davis, of the Nebraska Conference. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 224. Price, 90 cents.

By the phrase "perfect happiness" the author means the joys of perfect love. These come from consecration and faith. This state of grace does not lift one above the possibility of infirmity and mistake, nor beyond the reach of growth, but it does bring one into the palace of perfect peace. To weary and heavy-laden spirits it brings with fresh power Christ's unfailing promise of the peace that passeth all understanding—the joys of salvation unto the uttermost.

Miracles: Were They, or Were They Not, Performed by Jesus? A question of fact, not of science or theology. By Thomas J. Dodd, D.D. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. 12mo, pp. 207. Price, $1.00.

From the time of Gibbon, and long before, the question of the credibility of miracles has been much discussed. The author accepts the facts, states the evidence, and argues the reasonableness of the miracles of our Lord.

Methodist Magazine and Review for 1900.

This Magazine will round out the century with the best programme of contents it has ever presented. A feature of much interest in early numbers will be a retrospect of this most marvellous century the world has ever seen, especially of its moral and religious, social and scientific progress, and the development of two of its most conspicuous features—the growth of Methodism in our own and kindred countries, and of missions throughout the world. It will also be a record of the world's progress—of the stirring events of the times—and of the trend of religious thought and work. It will specially endeavour to help the great forward movement of Methodism, the Twentieth Century Thanksgiving Fund, and the great religious and missionary revival for which our Church is so earnestly hoping and praying. A very full and comprehensive programme is being prepared, which will be announced in detail with the December number.

The purpose of both Publisher and Editor is to make this Magazine and Review a welcome visitor—a bright, cheery, inspiring and instructive guest—in Methodist households of this Dominion. A gentleman who sees a great number of magazines states that it is the best and the best read of any that comes to his family. We ask the co-operation of our friends to aid us by counsel and suggestion in the still further improvement of this periodical. To this end we would be greatly obliged if they would:

First: tell us what most pleases them in its pages, also what they do not like. Freely make suggestions and offer criticisms. Both will be welcome and will be well weighed, even where it is impossible to completely follow them.

Second: recommend it to your neighbour or friend, speak a good word for it. Better still, send us the address of any who you think would be interested in its pages, and we will be happy to send our forthcoming handsome announcement.

Our great dependence is, of course, upon the ministers, who are its authorized and official agents. By their aid its past success has been secured, and it is confidently hoped that it will share the prosperity of the growing time of our country. To aid them in the vigorous canvass the November and December numbers will be given free to new subscribers. A liberal scale of premiums at nominal cost will be offered.

"To-morrow's fate, though thou be wise,
Thou canst not tell nor yet surmise;
Pass, therefore, not to-day in vain,
For it will never come again."

WESTMINSTER ABBEY—WEST FRONT.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY—THE CHOIR.